

CURRENT ANECDOTES

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SPIRITUAL SEARCH LIGHTS.

By A. C. DIXON, RUGGLES STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

BLIND SINGER'S HYMN. (460)

Acts 10: 36; John 16: 15; Eph. 4: 11-13.

You may have heard John B. Gough tell, in one of his thrilling lectures, of a scene in his own experience. Sitting in a church one morning he heard a hoarse, discordant voice behind him, and he felt sorry that he was near such a disagreeable creature. The preacher gave out the hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," and the discordant voice, without any melody or much tune, followed the words. While the interlude was being played before the second verse, Mr. Gough felt a hand touch his arm, and a voice saying: "Please, sir, what is the next verse? Tell me the first line: I think I might remember it." "Just as I am, poor, wretched blind," said Gough, and, as he looked into the stranger's face, saw that he was blind. And when he heard him with his grating voice trying to sing the next lines—

"Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come,"—

Gough said he felt that he would like to lend him what voice he had, and help him to sing if he could. And so God feels toward us when we try to serve or to believe. He would help us in our failures, and, unlike Gough, He is able to do it. He can give us just what we need.

GRAND DUKE AMONG MEN. (461)

Heb. 4: 15; 7: 25; 9: 24.

The Grand Duke Sergius, the Governor of Moscow, suspected that the bakers were cheating the poor starving people. He ordered the police to make an investigation, and they reported in favor of the bakers. Suspecting that something was wrong, the Grand Duke put on the garb of a peasant, went among them, lived as they lived for a while, and learned for himself the sufferings of his poor people. How close it brought the Grand Duke to the starving peasantry, when they learned that, in order to ascertain their wants,

he had become as one of them! and how close it should bring us to Jesus when we reflect that, in order to make plain the sufficiency of His grace, He took upon Himself our very weakness, and put Himself in the place of need! For prosperity and adversity, for sickness and health, for riches and poverty, for failure and success, the promise is always good, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

GOOD GRAMMAR AND POOR RELIGION. (462)

Matt. 7: 16; Mark 4: 8; Eph. 5: 9.

In a former pastorate there was a man in my congregation who could talk like Demosthenes or Cicero. He used excellent grammar, and seemed to know the Bible pretty well from Genesis to Revelation. He could quote Longfellow, and Tennyson, and Whittier, and a stranger would be charmed by his eloquent utterances. And yet when he rose to talk in a prayer meeting, the crowd began to wither, and when his talk was over the prayer meeting was like a sweet potato patch on a frosty morning, flat and blue. The people knew that in his life there was something unsavory, that he would drink before the bar with worldly friends, and that he was not as honest as he might be. His good grammar and fluent utterances did not make amends for the unsavoriness of his character.

There was another man in that congregation who would sometimes come to prayer meeting with a circle of coal dust around his hair. He was a coal cart driver, and he was now and then so hurried to get to the prayer meeting that he did not make his toilet with as much care as he ought. But the people leaned over to listen when he talked. And why? Because they knew that he lived every day for God. He would pick up a tramp on the road, and give him a mile ride on his cart, that he might talk with him about Jesus. His religion tasted good. Bad religion in good grammar does not taste good. I would rather have good religion in bad grammar, than good grammar in bad religion.

SMALL THINGS FOR GOD. (463)

Matt. 25: 40; Mark 3: 35; John 14: 23.

After a naval battle the Queen of England gave a medal to a stoker on one of her warships. He took no part in firing cannon. His mission was simply to shovel coal, and bear the heat and burden of the day, but without expecting any reward he had saved the life of a brother stoker. It was an act of bravery and unselfishness worthy of a medal. And when our King comes with the medals of reward He may give the largest and the brightest to the stokers of life, who do their duty under cover, expecting no human praise. And it is these commonplace deeds which lead to greater events. Dr. Bernardo saw a ragged urchin on the street, talked with him about his life and learned that he had no home but slept with other urchins as ragged as himself upon the roof of a building. The doctor went with him to the sleeping place, learned the condition of those struggling waifs, and the result was the establishment of the great Bernardo Home. Looking after the one little boy was commonplace enough, but it led to one of the greatest philanthropies of the age. Sir George Williams became interested in the young men of his store, talked with them, taught them the Bible, organized them, and the result was the Young Men's Christian Association. George Muller learned of some orphans that needed care, and he supplied them with food and shelter. This was the beginning of the great Bristol Orphanage, through which faith in God has been so highly honored. We need grace to overcome the commonplace worries and temptations, and do commonplace things for the glory of God, and these commonplaces will sometime become transfigured, and the plain mount of privilege will be covered with the glories of the transfiguration.

✓ FOUR KINDS OF FISHERMEN. (464)

Mark 1: 7; John 21: 3.

The first command of our Lord to His disciples was, "Come ye after Me and I will make you to become fishers of men." The last command was, "Go ye and disciple the nations." The first you will notice is the last, because it had run through the whole ministry of our Lord. Now there are two kinds of fishers. Along the Southern coast you will find seines two or three miles long, drawn by two steam engines and bringing in at one haul three or four hundred thousand fish. Such an equipment requires a large outlay of money and many laborers. I knew of a man who committed suicide because his seine broke and let out a great school of fish that he so much needed with which to pay his debts. Another class of fishers do their work on a small scale, using the drag net which is drawn by hand, and two or three men will suffice. Not so much capital is required. And there is the hand-net which the fisher holds in his right hand as he moves cautiously along the shore of the lake or river, and when he sees a little school of fish he throws the net around them, and draws them in with his own hand. But the most common fisher of all is the

angler. He needs only a rod, hook and line, with appropriate bait. His outfit costs scarcely anything. It does not take a man of great wealth or learning to be an angler.

Now these four kinds of fishermen fitly represent the different kinds of soul winners. Men like Finney, Whitefield, Moody and Spurgeon, who preached to hundreds and thousands, are the great seines which the engines of God's wisdom and power used in saving multitudes. In those men were invested large capital, brain, brawn, talents and grace. The second class are more numerous. There are thousands of pastors and evangelists whom the Spirit uses in reaching small audiences and winning some of them to love the Lord. The third class are still more numerous. It represents the Sunday School teacher, the parent, the friend, who is all the time striving to throw the Gospel net around the little group that he or she feels specially responsible for. But the largest class of all upon whom I believe God depends for the greatest work are the anglers, men and women whose hearts are afire with the desire to win a soul. They have not the gift of public speech. Some of them could not teach acceptably a Sunday School class, but they have experienced the saving Grace of God, and they know how to tell to an individual what a Savior they have found.

\$10 FOR A SOUL. (465)

Matt. 16: 26; Ezek. 18: 4; Rev. 18: 13.

An eccentric preacher met a neighbor who boasted that he had no soul, and said to him: "My friend, I will give you ten dollars for what soul you have." "A bargain," said the neighbor, and received the money. But the ten dollars did not give him comfort; it grew heavy and hot in his pocket. He said to his wife: "Wife, I have sold myself to the devil for money." "Oh," replied the wife, "I thought you did not think there was a devil." "Yes there is, or I would not have acted so foolishly." He went back to the minister and begged him to take back his ten dollars. The man who says he has no soul is doing as much as anyone can to destroy the soul. But even such a man, if he will but reflect, like this neighbor, will be convinced that his soul is worth more than the money of earth. Take the millions of Manhattan Island, pile upon it the millions of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and London. Pile up again the millions of all the nations, with the unmined gold of the Klondikes, and you have not begun to approach the value of an immortal soul, a soul capable of sinking forever into the bottomless pit, suffering everlasting degeneration, or rising forever along the topmost heights of growth and development.

Is there one here who has sold himself for honor? Some men who do not prize money put great value upon office, and many a politician has sold himself for an office. He will sacrifice self-respect, truth, manhood, in order that he may attain political preferment. Canovas said of Castello, the Spanish politician, that he was so anxious for notice and high position that he could not enjoy a marriage,

because, not being the bridegroom, he could not receive most attention, and he could not even enjoy a funeral, because he was not the corpse about whom most of the people were thinking. This honor-seeking spirit may lead us to sell our souls cheap, and yet how evanescent is it all.

BLOOD-SUCKING SINS. (466)

After wading across a river in Burmah, a missionary found that his body was covered with leeches that were sucking his life blood. He began to tear them off one at a time, but the guide urged him not to do so lest he should poison himself, and die as the result. Then the guide prepared a decoction of herbs, in which the missionary bathed, and the leeches fell off of themselves. The blood of Jesus Christ is God's preparation for removing the leeches of sin which are sucking the life blood from the people. The attempt to tear, them off is to lacerate, if not poison.

OBEY BY FAITH. (467)

Heb. 11: 6; 1 Sam. 15: 22.

A workman was ordered to tug at a rope tied to the top of a wall. For two or three hours he pulled without any apparent result. A brother workman asked: "What in the world is the use of such wasted effort?" "I do not know," he replied, "but I believe the boss does know; he put me here, and I will simply do what he told me." After a while the wall toppled and fell, and the workman saw that his pulling of the rope was part of the general plan. It is easy to work when we can see immediate results. It is harder to wait while we do what seems to be wasted, but the voice of faith from this cloud of testimony says to us: "When God says go forward, go, though the Red Sea be before you. When He orders you to cross a Jordan of difficulty, march right into the muddy waters, though it seems impossible to reach the other shore. When He tells you to compass any Jericho of evil, camp around it, keep at it until He shall give the victory." It is ours to obey while He takes all the responsibility.

SEEING OURSELVES. (468)

Ps. 119: 130; Heb. 4: 12.

But the Bible as a revelation of man and of God, is an asset of unique value. As we read it we stand in a room of mirrors reflecting ourselves from every angle. But when we look up we do not see ourselves, but the God who made us and redeemed us by His love. A gentleman and his wife in a western city attended a vitascope exhibition, and among other scenes on the canvas there was a moving picture of a crowd on Broadway, New York. This gentleman and his wife were suddenly startled to see their own faces in the crowd, every feature plainly portrayed. They remembered that several weeks before they had been in New York, and had walked on Broadway. Without their knowledge this moving picture was taken. We have experiences like that as we read the Bible. In the characters there portrayed we see our own faces, sometimes smeared with sin and deformed by indulgence.

WE ARE MORTAL. (469)

1 Cor. 15: 53; 2 Cor. 4: 11.

When a Roman emperor returned from conquest and was given a triumphant entrance into the Eternal city, it was customary to put a slave in the chariot with him, whose duty it was to remind him now and then that he, too, was human. As he looked upon the trophies of victory and listened to the huzzahs of the people, he must not forget that he was made of common stuff. Such was something like the experience of the apostle Paul. He won many a victory, and was worthy of many a triumphal procession. In the midst of it all he was in danger of being exalted above measure. So God put with him in the chariot of life what he calls a "thorn in the flesh," a messenger of Satan to buffet him, and thus remind him that he was weak and human.

WEAKNESS INSPIRES STRENGTH.

2 Cor. 12: 9; 1 Pet. 3: 8. (470)

A student in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, tells of a sick young man who was brought from the hospital to one of the rooms in the seminary, that he might be nursed by some friends among the students. No professor in that seminary did as much good for two or three months as this invalid young man. His weakness called out the strength of the students, who were glad to sit up with him all through the night and minister to him; and, as they saw his sweet, submissive, and joyful Christian character, they were developed in grace. We cannot establish a professorship of sympathy in our seminaries, but, if such a thing were possible, it would go further than anything else toward making perfect the strength of the rising ministry. Comforting beyond measure is the thought that God's strength is manifested in proportion to my weakness.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mark 9: 41. (471)

It is fatal to the development of the best Christian character, when a man makes up his mind to wait till he can do something great before he will give at all. Such a man may make a reputation for stinginess and meanness that will ruin his influence. Mr. Guyot, a rich Frenchman in Marseilles, by great energy amassed a large fortune. He refused to give to any object while he was making his money, so that he was regarded as mean, and, when he appeared in public, he was hooted by the populace; but in Mr. Guyot's will was this sentence: "I have noticed the hardships of the poor in not being able to get fresh water except at great cost, and I have labored hard through my life to accumulate money, that I might put water within reach of all." Then he goes on to say that he wishes his fortune to be devoted to the building of an aqueduct for the benefit of the poor. Mr. Guyot's praises are now sung by the people of Marseilles, but it does not atone for neglected opportunities to render service to those he met daily for so many years; and then he could not be sure that he would be able to carry out his plans.

GALILEE AND DEAD SEA. (472)

Deut. 8: 18; Prov. 10: 22; 1 Tim. 6: 10.

"Give of such things as ye have, and, behold, all things are clean unto you" (Luke 11: 19). The foulest things in New York are not the sewers, but the money in the pockets of some men who have not given a cent of it to God. The fountain that throws up its sparkling water into the sunlight is made clean by the very process of giving. The Dead Sea, with its black asphaltum, is the foulest of places. No fish live in its waters; no fowl swim upon its bosom; and the secret of its foulness is that it takes the Jordan in at one side and gives off nothing. The Sea of Galilee would be as foul as the Dead Sea, if it gave not off the Jordan that it receives. The man that only takes blessing from God is a Dead Sea; the man that receives from God and gives back of what he receives is a Galilee full of life and beauty.

✓ HOW TO WIN MEN. (473)

Matt. 6: 21; John 12: 26.

If you would attach a man to you, do him a kindness; if you would bind him to you with hooks of steel, get him to do you a kindness. A pastor in Wilmington, N. C., threw a stray dog a bone. The dog returned the next day, and he fed him again. After a few days he began to feel a sort of attachment for the wandering animal, and the more he did for it, the more he liked it. Doing a kindness even to a dog will attach us to it.

REVIVAL AND CIRCUS. (474)

Matt. 4: 20; Mark 10: 28; Hos. 4: 10; Thess. 1: 9; Matt. 6: 23.

In the town of Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, in 1859, a traveling circus spread its tent and was rewarded by the attendance of only three persons. The astonished manager inquired the reason, and found that a revival of religion was in progress of such power that the people took no interest in his circus. That was one way of converting Banbridge. The popular method would have been to send a committee of church people to meet the circus men and inform them that they would like to add a religious service to their performances. The church wanted to go to the circus, but could not do it conscientiously, unless there was something pious about it. The agreement is made, and, while the clowns stand by the riders are ready, a prayer is offered, a hymn is sung, a short exhortation is given by the principal pastor of the town, in which he denounces puritanical notions and lauds the jollities of the circus ring. What is the result? A conglomeration of heterogeneous worldliness and religion, which disgusts men and is sickening to God—the sort of thing which made Him say to one of the churches in Asia that He would spew them out of His mouth.

SERVANT SAVES MISTRESS. (475)

Jas. 5: 16; Gen. 24: 12.

A servant girl in a New England town prayed all night for the salvation of her mistress. That mistress, unable to sleep, convicted of her sin, not knowing the cause, urged her husband to go out and get some preacher to pray for her; then, reflecting that the servant girl was a Christian, they went to her room, and before opening the door they heard these words: "O Lord, bless mistress. Have mercy on her, for she is good to me." Opening the door gently, husband and wife knelt down by the side of their servant girl, and asked her to pray for them.

✓ LAUGHING WON'T WIN THE WORLD.

Gen. 18: 13; Prov. 14: 13; Prov. 1: 26; Jas. 4: 9. (476)

I believe in laughter. The smile is better than the frown, and I yield to none in the claim that true Christianity gives the highest type of pleasure. But we can never win the world simply by courting it and laughing with it. There is a shrub in Arabia called the laughing plant; ground to powder, and administered, it produces fits of laughter. The person under its influence is unconscious of everything about him, as he roars in hysterical laughter. But Christianity is no laughing plant. It tells the truth about sin and its punishment, and reveals to men the deformity of their own characters; such faithfulness should bring tears rather than laughter. We may laugh when there is a time to laugh, but it is poor policy to seek to win the world by merely joining in its frolics.

OBEDIENCE IS LOVE. (477)

Heb. 11: 6; 1 Sam. 15: 22; Isa. 1: 19.

"This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments." Obedience, not sentimentalism or unctious joy, is love. Such obedience to God will be linked with unselfish ministry to man. A missionary by the name of Crossett died in China. He was known among the Chinese as the "Christian Buddha,"—the highest title of honor a Buddhist could give him. He chose a life of poverty, because he did not have time to make money. He spent his days and nights with the sick and the poor and the anxious. He led many of them to Christ. He thought not of himself, but of others. He loved men, not because of the ties of kinship or nationality, but because they were men with immortal souls precious in the sight of God. Such love we need in abundance—a love producing a zeal that consumes us—a love that burdens us for the salvation of men.

THE WORLD'S REFUSE. (478)

Luke 18: 10; Ps. 72: 12.

The great question in commerce is as to the refuse. A large silk manufacturer in London made little profit in his business until he invented a machine that utilized the refuse of his factory, and since then he has had an annual income of over half a million dollars. I

have heard that the Standard Oil Company now has an income of nearly two millions as the result of their utilizing the refuse of the refineries. Formerly it was cast out to be burned or buried. It was a dirty, sticky stuff upon the floor, and was in the way; but a chemical process was discovered by which this unsightly refuse could be transformed into chewing gum, and made palatable even to the taste of refined young ladies.

As with commerce, the great question of the day, social, political and religious, is concerning the refuse of society. What shall we do with the masses in our great cities, untouched by the church, careless of law, despairing, hungry, and cold? Can the gospel do anything for them? We believe that it is the sovereign remedy, and, when the polite and refined refuse to accept our message, let us rush by them down into the highways and hedges and tell those who are worse off than there is a feast for them which God has prepared. And out of this refuse there will come forth an income to God which we cannot calculate.

ONLY OBEY ORDERS. (480)

Sam 13: 1; Acts 5: 29; Rom. 6: 17.

A Christian is simply a soldier under orders. He goes or stands as his commander directs. President Lincoln once held a counsel of his cabinet, in a dark period of the war, in order to consult with them as to the best policy. Admiral Farragut was a guest; and he said to a friend, "It is a relief to be a soldier; he simply obeys orders. I am waiting to be told what to do, and then I will do it." The Christian keeps Christ's commandments by obeying them; he keeps all His words by loving and prizing them above fine gold.

TAUGHT OF THE SPIRIT. (481)

Isa. 50: 4; Mark 8: 37.

A gentleman sat in my congregation one afternoon, distressed about his sins, anxious for salvation. He remained for the inquiry meeting. A young convert, who had never done such a thing before in her life, went to his side, opened the Bible, put her finger upon a promise that had given her comfort, and asked him to read it. As he read, the light came into his mind, the way of life was clear. He accepted Christ, and rejoiced. Now that young convert's mission was to make the promise definite and personal; and her mission is ours. The pastor proclaims the gospel on Sunday. In the nature of the case the proclamation must be more or less general. Let each member of the church feel that he is commissioned in the after meeting, in the home, in the personal intercourse with friends, to make definite this general proclamation of peace.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S MOTHER. (482)

Eph. 6: 1; Prov. 23: 22; 2 Tim. 1: 5.

Daniel Webster was not one of the most religious men, to be sure, but he had great confidence in the piety and religion of his

mother. One day in Boston, after a great address, flowers were showered upon the orator. He looked at them and enjoyed their sweet odor, but, as he was passing out with a friend, a little girl stepped up and handed him two or three garden pinks. The great orator took them in his hand and wept as he thought of the past. "That is the flower my mother loved above every other flower in the garden," and the sight of the old familiar pink brought before him the sincerity and power of his mother's character.

SPATTERED BY THE WORLD. (483)

James 1: 27; 1 Cor. 6: 11; Rev. 7: 14.

I was hurrying across Fulton Street one day, on my way to an appointment in the country. It was just after a rain, as I started across, a wagon came lumbering by, and spattered me with mud from head to foot. Imagine my feelings! Dare I go out to Orange to make an address, as was my purpose, before a thousand people, thus spattered all over with mud? Those who saw me in that plight might have thought that I was cleanly enough in my habits, but certainly I was spattered, and they would think more of the spattering, doubtless, than of what I was saying. I was therefore compelled to take the time, hurried as I was, to remove the spattered mud from my clothing. And so, Christian brother, good as you may be in your heart, pure as your religion is, if you put yourself in certain relations, the muddy wheels of the world will spatter you all over.

PRINTS OF THE NAILS. (484)

1 Cor. 1: 23; 2: 2; Gal. 5: 24; 3: 1.

To reject the crucified Christ is to shut yourself out of fellowship with Him here and hereafter. Christ as a preacher unlocks the treasures of wisdom; Christ as a man unlocks the treasures of perfection; Christ on the cross unlocks the treasures of grace and glory. It is only the pierced hands that open heaven to sinners. One Sunday morning there appeared before St. Martin, while he was in prayer, a most radiant form. The form, with a crown of gold upon his head sparkling with diamonds, said: "I am Christ; fall down and worship me." St. Martin looked into the face: it was radiant; he looked at the robe: it was gorgeous; but when he looked at the hands, he saw no marks of the nails, and he said: "Avaunt, thou devil; though as an angel of light thou hast come, I will not worship thee." Watch for the modern strategy of the devil which brings before men the radiant form of Christ without any print of the nails, that exalts the life of Christ at the expense of His death, and thus leaves out the keystone in the arch of salvation.

DO YOU KNOW FROM 50 TO 100 PREACHERS?

If you do it costs those who subscribe for Current Anecdotes nothing extra to vote for you to go to Palestine at our expense. See pages 566-7.

WINDOWS FOR SERMONS.

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

UNDER THE KING'S EYE. (485)

Ezra 5: 5; 1 Pet. 3: 12; Deut. 11: 12.

There is a story told in Germany of a little girl named Jeanette, who was in a vast crowd, looking at a great army review. She had a seat in the stand, but she chanced to see a feeble old woman trying hard to get a glimpse of the magnificent spectacle. At once the kindly little girl gave up her seat to the old woman, and was standing on tip-toe in the great crowd trying in vain to see, when a messenger came, summoning her to the Emperor himself. "Come, here, my daughter," said he, "and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side." So we are ever in the eye of the King, and we cannot give so much as a cup of cold water to cheer another but He sees and is pleased.

CLEAR VIEWS. (486)

Ezek. 1: 8-10; 11: 22; 1 Cor. 2: 9; Luke 11: 34.

They tell us that out on Cape Cod there are places where the wind is always blowing, and the fine sand of the ocean beach strikes the windows of the fishermen's houses in a perpetual sand-blast, which turns the clear panes into ground glass, so that you cannot look out. So there are some men's senses which seem to let some light into their spiritual houses, but their outlook is very dim. In fact, some men never seem able to see who and what is coming to them or what appeals really should call them out of themselves. There are a hundred sights that come only to the quick eye, a hundred sounds which the clear fine ear recognizes as voices of tender appeal. Abraham lived in the desert where sand storms were frequent, but he had far-seeing eyes that beheld the city of God. If we keep our communion with heaven, the storms of passion shall not be able to destroy our spiritual window-panes.

QUEENS' BUSINESS. (487)

John 2: 17; Rom. 10: 1, 12: 11; Rev. 3: 19.

We are told that the average life of a honey-bee, that is, of a "worker," in summer, is seldom more than two or three months. "In the height of the honey-making season," says Mr. Frank McClure, "it often exists but six weeks. It simply works its little body out. When about ready to die, its silken wings will be found ragged and half gone." But the life of the drone, curiously enough, is usually no longer than that of the average working bee, for the drones are generally killed by their busy comrades. In the bee communities the rule holds that the queen's business requires haste. If all the members of the church of God employed their lives as profitably as do the patient little worker bees that fray their little frames to pieces in six weeks, the world would soon be brought to Christ.

THE COMMON LANGUAGE OF CHRISTIANITY. (488)

Gen. 11; Acts 2: 3-18.

That is a striking missionary story which is told concerning a Hindoo and New Zealander who met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They were Christians, but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, and shook hands, and smiled at each other, but that was all. At last the Hindoo had a happy thought. He cried out, "Hallelujah!" At once the New Zealander replied, "Amen!" Those two words were not in their heathen languages, and they were the beginning for them of a new and common language of Christian friendship. The basis for Christian fellowship is in our mutual friendship with Jesus Christ.

THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF LOVE. (489)

John 15: 12; Matt. 22: 37-39; Rom. 12: 9.

The Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, Dr. Parker's successor in City Temple, London, preaching on the "Law of Reverent Good Will," tells this interesting story, following it with striking and original comment: "A few days ago I heard of a poor young woman who had since August last suffered a dreadful bereavement. She had lost her husband and her little child, and then, after the death of both, another little one was born, and was also taken. These were her all here, and you can scarcely think of a much greater bereavement than that. It seemed as if everything for which she had lived, to which her nature had given itself, everything which had been her joy in service, was gone. But speaking of it in her patient and sweet way—a way in which, I fear, many of us would not have acted in like circumstances—she said, "I cannot think what the meaning of it is, unless it be that I loved them too much, I ought to have loved God more, and so He took them away." That is not the God to whom I prayed this morning, nor is it the God of the New Testament, nor is it the Christ in whom Christians believe; for if we are right and Christ reigns He would sooner give the widow's son back than take him away. Your love never competed with the love of God. I do not know why husband and children were taken, but I know that if you knew why you would never ask for them back; and it was not because you loved them more than God. You fulfilled your duty to God when you loved them. No one ever loves anybody too much. The regret we feel when death has come and taken the best or taken the worst is that we had not loved them more. Moreover, though it would be possible to love unwisely or selfishly, and we often see these things, there is a corrective in the stern lesson of death. The Christian law of love, with its reverent good will, is a law and is a love which will never spare the loved.

THE BOY'S COMPLIMENT. (490)

1 Tim. 5: 1; 1 Tim. 3: 2.

The late Dean Farrar was once traveling third-class on the Great Western Railroad, in

England, with a miscellaneous assortment of fellow passengers in the compartment, and a conversation opened by him on a popular subject became general. A youngster of thirteen returning to school was seated in a corner listening to all that passed, but too shy to join in. The Dean espied him; and good-naturedly addressed a remark to him from time to time. At last, the compartment was emptied of all but the clergyman and the school boy. Then the conversation veered promptly onto sport and kindred subjects. Over half an hour elapsed, and as the train slowed up at the boy's destination, the Dean shook hands, smuggling a five-shilling piece into his palm. To the eternal glory of the school boy, he hesitated to take the tip. "I have enjoyed the talk, sir, and I never knew that parsons were that sort before," he said. The Dean said afterwards that the compliment, though vague, was genuine. As the Dean was representing parsons that day, so every Christian is constantly standing for Christianity, and should remember that it will be judged after his conduct.

HUNGRY FOR A HANDSHAKE. (491)

Luke 14: 13; 1 Tim. 5: 10; Isa. 58: 7.

A despondent looking man was sitting in a city park when another man came up and sat down with him. "I imagine you are a stranger," said he, "and I want to shake hands with you." "O, I am hungry for a handshake," replied the stranger, and told his new friend what a terribly discouraging search he had been having for work, but that handshake put new heart in him, and he always looked back to it as the foundation of the splendid success which came to him afterward.

HENRY DRUMMOND'S CONVERSION.

Acts 11: 21; Matt. 18: 3. (492)

The Rev. E. Payson Hammond, widely known as the Children's Evangelist, tells this story of the conversion of the late Professor Henry Drummond: "When in Scotland I became acquainted with Mr. Peter Drummond. It was in the year 1859 that he invited me to his home in Stirling. Soon after my arrival, I found the children from all around the neighborhood tramping through the deep snow, pressing their way to his house. It was quite a surprise party, but Mr. Drummond had been in some meetings of mine in other places, and knew how the children loved them. I noticed in front of me a little boy, with curly, golden hair, who seemed much interested in all that I said. At the close of the meeting, he and others remained that we might talk and pray with each one. He put his little hand in mine, and said, 'I want to be a Christian and love Jesus.' I told him again what Jesus had done for him, and asked, 'How can you help loving him when he has suffered so much for you, that you might be happy in heaven, and wear a crown of joy?' He answered, 'I must love him, and I will give myself to him.' We knelt, and he took this prayer from my lips, 'Dear Jesus, thou hast loved me, and died for me, that I might have my sins forgiven; and now, as well as I

can, I am going to give myself to thee, and will never be ashamed of thee who hast done so much for me.' I believe it was there, that this little boy, afterwards Professor Henry Drummond, accepted Christ as his Savior, and from that hour began to live that earnest, Christian life."

THE BUTTON ON THE BOY. (493)

Eph. 6: 1; Col. 3: 20.

A young Scottish mother, whose four-year-old boy had a habit of running away from home, had tried every possible device to break him from his fault, without success. So she appealed to an old countryman of hers for advice. He asked her what she had done already, and she said: "I put a button on the gate first, but he soon learned to turn the button; then I put the button beyond his reach, but he got a stick and opened it again; so I put the latch still higher, but to no avail, for he found a box, and climbed up to open it still." Then her old friend said, "Ah, my leddy, ye dinna ken how to do it; put the button on the boy." What a suggestion there is in that! The best prohibition in the world is the prohibitory law written in our own hearts which restrains us from evil."

THE INTOLERANCE OF MOURNERS.

Matt. 5: 4; Luke 6: 21; Jer. 6: 26. (494)

A recent writer says some plain things concerning people who refuse to be comforted. "Who has not heard," he inquires, "some mourners say in reply to the comfort of a friend, 'O, you don't know anything about it; you never lost a child.' It is a delicate thing to give comfort. The comforter must be deeply considerate. But the one who grieves must be considerate, too. Jacob had a selfish nature. When he thought Joseph dead, he refused to be comforted. He may have said to his warmest friend, 'You know nothing of my sorrow; you have lost no son.' With such an answer comfort turns away in tears as though struck in the face."

MAKING TOIL SUBLIME. (495)

Prov. 10: 16; 1 Cor. 4: 12.

A preacher recently made this splendid paragraph: "Paul, the great apostle, possessed this sublime faculty. He who lent an added glory to oratory on Mars Hill, just as easily turned tent-making into a fine art! As he sat cross-legged on the ground, stitching skins or canvas, a menial occupation, suddenly passed through a mysterious change, like the illumination of the darkened windows of a cathedral by the lighting of the candelabra on the altar! Drudgery became divine. Fra Angelica painting angels on convent walls in Florence does not seem one whit more holy than St. Paul making tents or sails in some fisherman's hut on the shores of the Mediterranean. . . . There is absolutely no toil, no task in human life that cannot be turned into poetry and to worship by men and women who thrill with a sense of the glory of the universe, the sacredness of human life and the dignity of human labor!

Illustrations from Present Day Life and Customs as Seen in Palestine.

By REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Note.—When Dr. Hallock was leaving for his trip to Palestine the editor of *Current Anecdotes* requested him to observe and note anything that would illuminate Scripture.—Ed.

THE STORKS. (496)

Ps. 104: 17, "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." Jer. 8: 7, "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

One of the most familiar sights during our journey through the Holy Land was of the storks. It was very common to see them, long-legged and large beaked, following in the furrows behind the plowmen picking up the worms and catching the mice and reptiles. We saw them in the valley of Jemzeel and other places, and especially on our way both going to and returning from Jericho, though in this latter region they had little chance to follow plowmen as little of the land is cultivated. We have read that storks are protected by law in many parts of the East, because of their value as scavengers, but one of the natives at Jericho brought one to our hotel that he had shot. We do not know if he violated any law, but we are glad to say that he got no encouragement, but reproof from all who saw the dead bird. The stork is very easily domesticated, and when tame will follow their owners like a dog. They are of mild and peaceable disposition, and even if angered, will not attempt to strike or bite with their heavy beaks, but denote displeasure only by blowing the air sharply from their lungs and nodding their heads up and down rapidly. When disturbed with their young they make a snapping sound with their beaks. The stork is an absolutely silent bird as far as voice is concerned. The general color of the bird is white, while the quill feathers of the wings are black; so that the effect of the spread wings is very striking, an adult bird measuring about seven feet across when flying. As the body, large though it may be, is comparatively light, when compared with the extent of the wings, the flight is both lofty and sustained, the bird flying at a great height, and, when migrating, is literally "the stork in the heavens." Like the swallow, the stork resorts year after year to the same location, and when it has fixed its nest it returns always to it, when the breeding season comes round. It is looked upon as good luck to have a stork locate about the property of anyone. The stork's nest is a very large and rudely constructed affair, seen in the tops of the trees and on high ledges of rock.

According to many writers it is claimed that the Hebrew name for the stork signifies benevolence. This is said to be because the stork is remarkable for its filial piety; "for the storks in their turn support their parents in their old age; they allow them to rest their necks on their bodies during migration, and, if the elders are tired, the young ones take them on their backs." According to others,

the name is given to the stork because it exercises kindness toward its companions in bringing them food. Whatever may be the truth in these directions, it is a fact that the stork is a peculiarly kind and loving parent to its young. We doubt not that it is in this direction its benevolence is shown, rather than to parents or to its fellows. But the stork is a sociable bird and often many of them build their nests close together and seem to live as a sort of community.

There are valuable spiritual lessons we might all learn from the kindness of the stork and, especially, from its knowledge of "its seasons" as compared with our slackness, as was the case with God's ancient people, in recognizing His judgments and His presence among us. How strangely thoughtless, wayward and foolish are the hearts of men, and how wilfully blind to God's providence and presence and the blessings He is ready to bestow.

TOWERS AND WATCHMEN. (497)

Isa. 52: 8, Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

To understand this joyous song of the prophet one needs to go forth to the fields of Palestine at the time of vintage, especially in such a region as around Hebron, where the vineyards, as we saw them, are so many as in the valley of Eschol and the valley of Mamre. The vineyards are generally on the sloping hills each side of the valley, often going up by successive terraces quite to the summit. Being far from the villages and without fence or hedge, they must be carefully guarded, and the strongest and most fearless young men are selected for watchmen. These take their stations in the watch towers or on the highest part of the mountain which they have to guard and are so arranged that the eye of one surveys the entire series of vineyards up to the point where the eye of the next one reaches. Thus eye meets eye, and every part is brought under constant watch-care. "They shall lift up the voice." When an animal or a thief appears, or any other cause of alarm occurs, the watchman who observed it makes a prolonged cry, at the top of his voice, and is immediately responded to by his fellows at the other stations. The attention of all is aroused, and it is the duty of all to see that the threatened injury is avoided, though, of course, the immediate duty rests upon the one whose part of the vineyard is in danger. Thus it will be with Zion in the happy days foreshadowed by this prophecy. The watchmen will be in sufficient numbers. They will be rightly located. They will be all intent in their work of watching. They will be fully ready to render each other needed information of danger or aid in resisting it. But in that day they will lift up their voice in gladness; they will sing, because of Zion's safe and happy state.

THE SHEPHERD. (498)

Luke 15:3-7. And He spake this parable unto them saying, "What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

One of the most common of all sights as we passed through Palestine was to see the shepherds tending their flocks. It would seem as if the personal appearance of the Eastern shepherd has changed as little as his sheep and his duties toward them. He still wraps himself in his large cloak of sheep-skin, or of thick material woven of wool, goat-hair or camel-hair. This protects him from cold or rain by day, and is his blanket at night. The inner pouch in the breast is large enough to hold a new born lamb or kid, when it has to be helped over hard places, or on account of sickness or injury has to be taken to a place of shelter, or nursed by the family at home. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." Everything in the way of devoted love, intimate knowledge and protective power is summoned up in the title when Jesus is called our Shepherd. Heb. 13:20; John 10:1-18.

SLINGS. (499)

Judges 20:16, "Among all this people there were seven hundred chosen men left-handed; everyone could sling stones at a hair breadth, and not miss."

The carrying of fire arms is very common in Palestine. The shepherds in the fields and the travellers we passed along the way commonly had a long gun, or else they carried tremendous clubs, like the weaver's beam of the giant, and, as Dr. Wm. M. Thomson says, "In handling them they are as expert as any Irishman with his shillelah, and equally as dangerous."

It must have required much practice for the seven hundred left-handed Benjamites to learn to "sling stones at a hair-breadth, and not miss." But the people of Palestine know how to make slings, and the stones for use are everywhere at hand. Dr. Thomson says: "I have seen the slings used in mimic warfare at Hasbeiya, on Mount Hermon, and there merely waged by the boys of the town. The deep gorge of the Busis divides Hasbeiya into two parts, and, when the war-spirit was up in the community, the lads were accustomed to collect on opposite sides of this gorge, and fight desperate battles with their slings. They chased one another from cliff to cliff, as in real warfare, until one of the parties gave way, and retreated up the mountain. I have seen the air almost darkened with their whizzing pebbles, and so many serious accidents oc-

curred that the authorities often interfered to abolish the rude sport; but whenever there is a fresh feud, or a revolt against the government amongst the old folks, the young ones return again to the fight with slings across the Busis."

SENTINELS. (500)

Isa. 62:6, "I have set my watchmen upon thy wall, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence."

The figure of speech used here in describing the guarding of cities got striking exemplification in our experiences during the days of camping in the Holy Land. Our camp was made up of fifty tents, and near by was also the large number of horses and pack animals. It did not occur to us that it would be done or necessary, but during the night we heard low calls. The first call would be responded to by a guard stationed near. Then that guard would call and the next one would respond. We found that entirely around the camp was a series of guards, and that they kept up this responding to one another the whole night through. Sometimes instead of calling they would blow a small shrill whistle. After the first night we became accustomed to the sound and were seldom conscious that the guards were there. Dr. Wm. M. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book," tells us that at Sidon the custom house guards stationed around the city were formerly required to keep one another awake and alert in this same way, particularly when there was danger of smuggling. "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night." If we conceive of Zion, the Church of God, as a city defended by walls and towers and guarded by soldiers, how natural and striking the illustration becomes, especially to a time when there is danger or war. At such a time the watchmen are multiplied until they literally "see eye to eye," and they never remit their watchfulness, nor do they keep silence, especially at night. So does God say, in Isaiah's prophecy, that his ministers are watchmen on the walls of Zion, that they are required to be faithful, holding not their peace day or night. He then gives a direct charge: "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence" To all Christians, and to ministers especially, this sentinel figure of speech, with the charge implied and given, brings an important and urgent call to duty.

THE JACKALS. (501)

Ps. 63:9, 10, "But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth. They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes."

As we were camping in tents, every sound in the night could be plainly heard. One of the strangest and wierdest was the screeching of the jackals. When we heard them at all we seemed to hear hundreds of them, and it seemed impossible to sleep. There are a number of passages in the Old Testament in which the word fox occurs, and it is almost certain that the Hebrew word, which is rendered in

our translation as fox, is used loosely, and refers in some places to the jackal and in others to the fox. Even at the present time the jackal is extremely plentiful in Palestine. It is an essentially nocturnal and gregarious animal. During the whole of the day the jackals lie concealed in their holes or hiding places, which are usually cavities in the rocks, in tombs, or among ruins. At nightfall they issue from their dens, and form themselves into packs, often consisting of several hundred, and prow about in search of food. Carrion of various kinds forms their chief subsistence, and they perform in the country much the same task as is fulfilled by dogs in the cities. They are scavengers. If any animal should be killed, or even severely wounded, the jackals are sure to find it out and devour it before daybreak. They will scent out the track of the hunter and feed upon the offal of the beasts which he has slain. If the body of a human being were to be left on the ground the jackals would certainly leave but little traces of it; and in the olden times of warfare they must have held high revelry in the battlefield after the armies had retired. It is to this propensity of the jackal that David, a man of war, refers: "Those that seek after my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower part of the earth. They shall fall by the sword; they shall be a portion for foxes." They are wild beasts, afraid of man, never attacking him however hungry, and they keep aloof from towns and cities, but live in uninhabited parts of the country.

THE BRAZIER OF COALS. (502)

John 18: 18, "And Peter stood with them and warmed himself."

The day on which our party went to Hebron happened to be one of the very few cold and rainy days we experienced during our travels in the Holy Land. The distance from Jerusalem is about twenty miles and when we arrived at the city of Abraham, the Friend of God, it was nearly 1 o'clock, and we were hungry and quite chilled through. But in an upper room, over the gateway of the place where we were entertained, we found a brazier full of coals of fire, and as we sat on a divan and warmed ourselves we felt ourselves quite Oriental. This charcoal fire in the brazier was just such as has been used by the people for centuries, in this country of almost unchanging customs. We doubt not that it was just such a fire that Peter warmed himself by in the palace of Caiaphas on that memorable night when he denied his Lord, and which, afterwards, cost him so many and such bitter tears. The fact is that almost everything one looks upon in this land is suggestive of Bible scenes and Bible times, manners and customs. This is one of the advantages of a visit to Palestine, that it makes the times of the Old and New Testament so real to the one who goes. It is the testimony of Christian travelers generally that a stay in the Holy Land makes the Bible a new book to them.

HOSPITALITY.

(503)

Luke 11: 5, 6, "And he said unto them, which of you shall have a friend, and shall go

unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him."

The East is celebrated for its laws of hospitality. Among the Bedouin and those living in remote villages of Palestine these laws retain their primitive meaning and veneration, and in the towns the parade of compliment with which a guest is received is still suggestive of the original custom. Taken in connection with the laws of neighborhood and the generally avaricious tone of Oriental life the importance assigned to hospitality is not only beautiful but mysterious.

PROCLAIMING FROM THE HOUSE TOPS. (504)

Luke 12: 3, "Therefore, whatsoever you have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the house tops."

As we were camped near villages, on several occasions we heard men make public cries from the house tops. These were not the Mohammedan muezzins calling to prayer. We were told that the custom of making these calls is confined entirely to villages in the country districts. It never obtains in cities. Our Lord spent most of his life in villages and accordingly the reference is to what he heard there. As at the present day local governors in villages and rural regions cause their commands thus to be published. Their proclamations are generally made in the evening, after the people have returned from their labors in the field. The public crier ascends the highest roof at hand, and in a long-drawn call admonishes the faithful subjects of the Prophet, within the hearing of his voice, to pray to him. He then proceeds with the announcement in a set form, and demands obedience thereto.

Many sleep on the house tops during the summer, both in the city and country. The house tops is the most agreeable part of the house, especially in the morning and evening. Whenever there is any excitement the people all rush to the house tops to see and hear. We know also that the house tops were often resorted to for worship. Zech. 1: 5. In Acts 10: 9, Peter was on the house top at Joppa, in prayer, before the arrival of the men from Caesarea.

(Continued in July.)

The carriage was at the door to take them to the railroad station, and they were about to enter it, when the little girl of the household excused herself, and running to the church, only a few doors away, stood before it and said:

"Good-bye, God. We are going to the seashore, but we shall be back in October."

A FREE TRIP TO PALESTINE.

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PREACHER'S SCRAP BOOK—CHILDREN'S DAY.

"WALKING SIDEWAYS." (509)

Deut. 31: 12; Judges 17: 3; Isa. 38: 19; Heb. 12: 9.

It is well known that crabs and small shell-fish of the same class walk after what the children call "sideways" fashion. Once upon a time this, it is said, greatly disgusted the fishes, and after due consideration, they resolved to teach these mistaken fellow inhabitants of the great deep the proper mode of locomotion, namely, to go forward. Accordingly they started a Sunday School and collected all the little crabs of the neighborhood to receive instruction. At the close of the first day it is reported that the teachers were delighted at the progress made, and dismissed their scholars after obtaining the promise that they would come again on the following Sunday. Accordingly when the day came they were all in their places, but, to the great surprise of the fishes, their pupils were all going "sideways," as before. However, not disheartened, they set together with a will to do the business over again, and by the end of the day not only was the error rectified but the teachers were filled with the hope that their scholars were established in the habit of "going forward," and so they dismissed them a second time. Sunday came round again, and the crabs were once more in their places, but, to the utter dismay and disappointment of the benevolently disposed fishes, the crabs were all going "sideways" as badly as ever. A teachers' meeting was immediately called to consider what was best to be done. The problem was soon solved by an elderly fish, who made a short speech to this effect: "You see, my brothers and sisters, that we have these crabs under our control for one day only, whereas they return and watch their fathers and mothers the other six days, and the influence of their example in the six days in the wrong direction more than destroys any good we may be able to effect in the right direction in only one."

"THE CHOICE." (510)

Gen. 39: 9; Deut. 30: 19; Joshua 24: 15; Luke 10: 42.

A few years ago there was exhibited a great picture by Sir Noel Paton, entitled "The Choice." The central figure was a young knight in armor, looking fixedly, and as under some spell of attraction, but with more of loathing, towards the temptress at his left, who, with all the persuasions of voluptuous beauty, and proffering him the goblet that sparkled with the wine of this world's pleasure, sought to entice him to her fellowship of death. On his right was the fair, wistful face of an angel guardian, who desired to lead him onward to where the divine glory gleamed afar, her very look at the same time warning and beseeching him. Below his feet were tokens of the deadliness of his peril. The bones of former victims strewed the ground; a scaly serpent waited eagerly for its prey;

and the flames of a devouring fire leaped up from a chasm in the rocks. But, just at the moment represented in the picture, the young knight is making his choice, and, turning away from the temptress and her baits towards the better allurements of the heavenly vision, he treads the ground with such manifold vehemence of resolve, that his armed heel transfixes the serpent, whose coily length writhes in the agony of death.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE. (511)

Eze. 18: 2; Deut. 6: 7; 2 Tim. 1: 5.

The child nature is plastic as molten metal, and, as molten metal retains its shape, so character often gets fixed, for good or bad, in early life. The influence of the parent is often the mould of the child. Byron's mother was proud and sour, and so was Byron. Nero's mother was a woman with criminal instincts, and so was Nero. Washington's mother was a saint, and he inherited her virtues. But of all influence, the child is most receptive of silent influences. Carlyle, with his swift intuition, saw the value of "silent lives." "Tell me," said one to a wretched man, "where did you take the first step downwards?" "At my father's table," he replied. We are responsible for our silent influence. As an example of silent influence we have the letter of Seneca, written of Helvia, his mother. She had escaped the temptations not altogether peculiar to her age, and such was the effect of her conduct upon her son that in later life he wrote: "You never stained your face with walnut juice or rouge. You never delighted in dresses indelicately low. Your single ornament was a loveliness which no age could destroy. Your special glory was a conspicuous chastity." Such was the charming testimony of Seneca to his mother. What she was doubtless gave those ethical qualities to the saying of Seneca that make their lasting value.

"Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things
high
Comes easy to him, and, though he trip and
fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."

THE SOIL IS RICH. (512)

Matt. 18: 2; Luke 1: 66.

In Africa there was once a waste of sterile land, relieved only by the stunted karroo, and when the sun set in a golden glory the little shrub blushed red, as if asking, Why am I here? The dreary waste stretched far away in billows to the horizon, and looked as if some "prentice hand" had practised world-making. Over that same loveless land there wandered one day a child who, short of marbles, went in search of pebbles, and played with them on the earthen floor of his father's house. A passing stranger, who watched the game of pebbles, caught the gleam of a sun hiding within the crystal, and

knew that it was a diamond! Then the scene changed. Prospectors came, as if in fond love of that sterile land! Why? Because it held in a once fiery heart priceless gems—it was the cradle of fabulous wealth. Now there is another field—the field of childhood—which is rich with undiscovered worth. There are intellectual and spiritual possibilities hidden deep within the child, and the wise teacher will look for the diamond.

LITTLE SINS. (513)

So. of Sol. 2:15; Eccl. 10:1.

Children are not nearly in such danger from great sins as from little sins. It is the little things that often grow to great. The rivulets cut a way for the mountain cataract, and lo! a flood. The snowflakes get frozen into avalanches, and lo! destruction. Beware of little sins!—they are only the “early callers.” At Sierra Leone a little white ant crawls to a door. But the master despises the ant, and it enters the house, and soon other ants follow—a colony of ants. They eat their way into chairs and couches and tables, secretly and silently. And one day there is ruin in that house—the furniture falls to pieces, and the doors and windows are honeycombed; the heart has been eaten out of everything, all because the careless dweller let one little ant into his house. We say, “Only a little sin.” Yes, but a host of sins will soon follow, to eat out our moral life and leave naught but ruin. If we are wise we shall be on the watch for the “little sins” that crouch at the door.

BE PATIENT. (514)

Col. 3:21; Jas. 5:7; Isa. 28:10.

In the memoirs of Confucius it is said that the sage made it a rule never to repeat a lesson. The statement is not intended as a note of his versatility, but rather as a hint of the exacting rules laid down to secure attention from his disciples. Far otherwise is the story told by a visitor who was once staying with Mrs. Wesley when Charles was a little boy, and Charles came in and asked his mother a question, which his mother patiently answered. In five minutes he came back and asked the same question and his mother patiently answered it. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh times Charles came back and asked the same question, which his mother answered as patiently as she had done the first time. The visitor said to her, “Why do you waste time in answering that troublesome boy’s question seven times?” “Well,” said Mrs. Wesley, “because six times were not enough.” She had learned patience in the school of Christ. We need not wonder that the nineteen children in the Wesley family were trained to “cry softly.”

CHILDREN A BLESSING. (515)

Gen. 33:5; Ps. 127:3-5; Zech. 8:5; Matt. 11:17.

Let us gather ourselves quietly around that cradle in which there lies a babe that has scarce tried its tender eyes upon the light of this new world. Is it not a wonderful, lovely thing, sleeping there like a flower in the

warm summer air, smiling at times in its slumbers as if it were true, and no mere legend, that angels are whispering in its ears of the kingdom of heaven? What would this world be without such treasures, such fountains of interest and joy? They are the poetry of the world, the lilies and violets of spring, gleaming through and brightening a scene that else were hard, and barren, and dark enough. They are also singing birds in the trees, making music to the heart amid the harsh monotony of business and worldly care. Only imagine that there were no children in the world, but that we came into it full grown, as Adam did, immediately from the creative hand of God. Everywhere are mature men and women who are no relations to each other, but separate beings of the same species, like pebbles on the beach. No father, no mother, no sister, no brother, no sweet memories, no clinging affections, no fondness, no joy of birth, no softening and subduing sorrow at death. I know not, if there were sin in such a world, whether it could continue long, whether, at least, it would not be incessantly hastening to destruction. Human society is even now hard enough, and needs more sympathy in it than one always sees, but what would it become if the hearts of men were not kept in some degree of softness and tenderness by the affections which are raised and developed by family life?

DO IT. (516)

Ecc. 9:10.

Peter Cooper, who founded the Cooper Institute in New York City, had a hard struggle. As a boy, his health was the frailest. He went to school but one year of his life, and during that year he could go only every other day. But when he was eight years old, he was earning his living by pulling hair from the skins of the rabbits his father shot, to make hat pulp.

He had not “half a chance.” It seemed almost literally that he had no chance at all. He went to New York when he was seventeen years old. He walked the streets for days before he got a place, and then apprenticed himself to a carriage-maker for five years for his board and \$2.00 a month.

He had neither time nor money for what people called pleasures, but he had the pleasure of hope. While he was working for 50 cents a week, he said to himself, “If I ever get rich, I will build a place where the poor boys and girls of New York may have an education free,” and he did it.

William Hunt, the painter, used to say: “Don’t talk of what you want to do—do it!”

“Faith, mighty faith, the promise segs,

And looks to that alone,

Laughs at impossibilities,

And cries, ‘It shall be done!’”

PRESIDENT AND BOOTBLACK. (517)

The following incident as related to the editor of the Christian Uplook by an eye witness, a member of the Erie Conference, and a veteran of the war, illustrates an interesting and prominent trait in the character of President McKinley, and also indicates an element

of his great popularity: It was on the day of the recent great parade of the Grand Army of the Republic in Buffalo. The various divisions were waiting for the coming of the president. A rope was drawn across the street to keep the surging crowd back. As soon as the president's carriage appeared, a little boot-black, about six years old, barefooted, bare headed, pants in tatters to his knees, dodged under the rope and ran toward the president pursued by a big, burly policeman. The lad, however, was too fleet of foot for the "cop," and when he got near the carriage, President McKinley, who had witnessed the chase, called Governor Black's attention to it, "and rising from his seat, took off his hat to the little gamin, at the same time exclaiming, "God bless you my little man!"

INTERESTED IN HEAVEN. (518)

Luke 12:34.

A minister who lost his child asked another minister to come and preach for him. He came, and told how he lived on one side of a river, and felt very little interest in the people on the other, until his daughter was married and went over there to live; and then every morning he went to the window and looked over that river, and felt very much concerned about that town and all the people there. "Now," said he, "I think that as this child has crossed the river, heaven will be much dearer than ever it has been before."

Shall we not just let our hearts and affections be set on the other side of the river? It is but a step; it is but a veil; we shall soon be in the other world.—Moody.

LET IT ALONE. (519)

The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said:

"It is my opinion that, if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats present loudly squealed assent. Then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak.

"My friends, I have tried the method you propose, and you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap. Let it alone."

TOO GENEROUS. (520)

One day a well fed and sagacious rat came across an object made of stout wires, whose sole occupation seemed to be to take care of a liberal piece of cheese.

Having had several years' experience with men and their machinations, the rat looked the ground over with great care, and he was still engaged in this occupation when a mouse appeared and wanted to know what was up.

"Why, the fact is," replied the rat, "I have more cheese here than I can possibly eat at

one meal, and as cheese quickly spoils in this climate, I was waiting for some one to come along and accept a portion."

"You are very, very generous," said the mouse.

"Don't mention it. Just step inside and pass the cheese out, will you?"

The mouse no sooner nibbled at the bait than there was a crash, and he found himself trapped.

"Ah, that's the way it works, is it?" queried the rat. "I couldn't just make it out. Um! I see. Spring there somewhere. Very good idea."

"But I'm caught!" exclaimed the mouse, in great agitation.

"So I observe."

"And what's to be done?"

"Well, I leave that for you to decide. I let you in on the ground floor, and my responsibilities cease there. Fine day. Hope we shall have a large harvest."

SABBATH DAY. (521)

Exodus 20:8.

There is an old story, which is not fact and yet is a parable, concerning "the man in the moon," as children call the dim markings on the moon's disk, which a lively fancy may discern to be a human face or figure. The story runs that he was once a resident of our world, and went out to gather sticks on Sunday, when he ought to have rested. To one who rebuked him he replied: "Sunday here! Sunday there! Sunday or Monday makes no difference to me!" So to punish him he was transferred to the moon, where there are no Sundays, but only Mondays; and for the whole seven days of every week he goes on toiling at his stick-gathering, until his back is bowed under the weight of the burden, and, when it falls off, it is only to set him free for seven days more of toil. Men and nations can follow his example. When the day sacred to rest and the day fitted for work are all the same to them, they are indeed bowing their back to the burden of seven days' crushing toil, which shall know no end while life lasts. The Sabbath aims to set us free to be men.

A MODERN KNIGHT. (522)

John 3:18.

The following true incident proves that the spirit of the knights of old is not yet gone:

It was a cold morning in March, in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph streets selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad, and kept trotting up and down trying to keep warm. His voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said:

"I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out: "Times-Herald, Tribune, News!" in a clear

voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man had sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but he would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

ABSTAIN. (523)

A schoolboy of Australia put his youthful enthusiasm into an effective essay on total abstinence, as follows: "I abstain from alcoholic drinks, because, if I would excel as a cricketer, Grace says, 'Abstain;' as a walker, Weston says, 'Abstain;' as an oarsman, Hanlon says, 'Abstain;' as a swimmer, Webb says, 'Abstain;' as a missionary, Livingston says, 'Abstain;' as a doctor, Clark says, 'Abstain;' as a preacher, Farrar says, 'Abstain;' asylums, prisons and workhouses repeat the cry, 'Abstain.'"—Selected.

NESTING IN A WRECK. (524)

Seven Mile Beach, on the Cape May county coast of New Jersey, has always been the nesting place of many ospreys, or fish hawks. They never fail to come back to their island home every spring, and they usually make their appearance about the first week in May. They are all rather eccentric in their choice of nesting places, but the oddest of all places has been chosen by a pair of these birds at Stone Harbor. A few days ago a gentleman had occasion to visit that resort, and while there, he went down to the beach to take a look at the wreck of a vessel that was driven ashore during the gale of December 27, 1895. As he approached the wreck, which lies several hundred yards from shore, right in the midst of a long line of white cap breakers, he was surprised to see a huge mass of sticks and seaweed fastened in the cross-trees of the mizenmast. Pretty soon an osprey made its appearance and fixed itself snugly away on the nest, for such it proved to be. As he watched, the mate of the bird on the nest came flying in from the sea, carrying a fish in its talons. It perched on the cross-trees of the foremast, and proceeded to enjoy its dinner. The birds now had eggs, and soon two, and perhaps three, little ospreys will be hatched in their oddly located home, forty feet above the white cap breakers. This is interesting, but suggests a sadder nesting place. Many people have built their life nest in a wreck; the dissipation and sin of parents often compel their children to nest all their lives in a wreck, which goes to pieces prematurely with the work they ought to have performed only half accomplished.

KILLING THE DEVIL. (525)

A burglar in Germany succeeded in frightening an oversuperstitious boy into the belief that he was Satan, and would carry him off if he made any outcry. The ruse worked, for the boy was frightened into insensibility. He was, however, a boy of conscience as well as superstition, and, having recovered his senses before the burglar was thro, he thought: "Oh, if I should kill the devil, there would be no more sin." So creeping quietly to the closet

where his father kept a gun, he put a charge of swan shot into the burglar's body. It does not always do to fool boys.

A BOY SOUL-WINNER. (526)

1 Sam. 3: 10.

I heard Mrs. Phoebe Palmer tell about a little boy in England, who went to his pastor and asked him if there wasn't something that boys could do for the Lord. The pastor said, "Why, I don't know. You are too small to lead a class, and hardly old enough to be a tract distributor. I don't know what you can do." "Seems to me," said the child, "there ought to be something for boys to do." The pastor thought a few moments and then asked, "Is your seat mate in school a Christian?" "No, sir, I think not." "Then go to work as the Lord shall show you how, and secure his conversion. Then take another and another. I cannot tell you exactly what to do, but if you pray, the Savior will show you how to gain their salvation." Some months after that, when Mrs. Palmer was holding meetings in that place, this little boy was lying very ill. The doctors had given him up to die. His father went to the afternoon meeting, and when he came home little Willie roused up and asked his father, "Was Neddie Smith at the meeting this afternoon?" "Yes, dear." "Did he give his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ?" "No, I think not." "Oh dear," said the little sick boy. "I thought he would." The next day his father left him again and went to the afternoon meeting. When he came home Willie asked him the same question and expressed the same disappointment that his little friend was not converted. The third day Willie was yet alive and when his father came home from the meeting he asked the same question and received a different answer. "Yes, Neddie gave his heart to the Savior this afternoon." "I am so glad," was the answer. After he had gone to be with Jesus they opened his little box and found a list of forty boys. The first one was his seat mate at the time when he went to the pastor and asked for something to do for the Lord and the last name was that of Neddie Smith. And every boy on the list was converted. He had taken them one by one in faith and prayer, giving them books to read, showing them texts of Scripture, praying with and for them when the Lord awakened them, and the whole forty had been converted through his efforts. And there is plenty for us to do, and if we are willing, the Lord will show us how to do it. The only thing is to be ready to obey his voice and let him lead and teach us. "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth, and heareth to obey."

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL. (527)

When General Forrest, of the Confederate forces, was in a fierce pursuit of the raiding party of Colonel Straight, a brave little girl became his helper. One day when he was nearing a bridge this lassie, fourteen years old, appeared in the road before him, and signed to him to halt. "The Yankees have halted at the bridge," said she. "They'll fire

on you if you go within sight." "Isn't there a ford above where we can cross?" asked Forrest. "O, yes; a little more than a mile above there is a good ford." "Well, can't you guide me to it?" "Yes, indeed! Take me up behind you; I know the way well." She climbed a stump, sprang up behind him, and pointed out the route he must take. "Now, you had better stop here," she said, after they had gone nearly a mile, "for after you pass that timber they can see you from the ford. By this time they may have sent some soldiers up there, and they will shoot you if you pass that point." So Forrest dismounted, and, accompanied by several of the officers at the head of the column advanced to the timber, and was peering around it when the enemy at the ford opened fire upon them. He was amazed and alarmed when the little girl darted past him, and, spreading out her little frock cried: "Get behind me! get behind me!" He snatched her up, drew her to a place of safety, and then charged and drove back the enemy. No braver soldier than this little helper had ever entered the field.—*Courier-Journal*.

IMPORTANCE OF SMALL THINGS.

James 3: 5. (528)

During the construction of a water tunnel at Cleveland, O., in which a number of men were employed, one of the small incandescent electric lights went out and had to be replaced. A boy was sent to put on a new one. It happened that a tiny grain of sand became attached to the new lamp, and this caused a spark that ignited the gas, of which there was an abundance in the tunnel. It exploded with terrific force, instantly killing seven men and injuring several others. Only one grain of sand, yet it caused so much havoc. Only a small wrongdoing, yet it may have terrible consequences for us.—*Young People's Week-ly*.

HELPING GOD. (529)

Matt. 10: 42.

A little girl, seeing the servant throw crumbs into the fire, said, "Don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?" "If God cares for them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them." "But," said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help him take care of the little birds, than to scatter or waste the food that he gives us."—*Epworth Herald*.

"THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS." (530)

Zech. 4: 10.

A man in Tolland, Conn., found a very small potato in one of his pockets when he came in from his work.

"Here," said he laughingly, to a boy twelve years old, who lived with him, "plant that, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age."

The bright little boy cut the potato into as many pieces as there were "eyes" in it and planted it. In the autumn he dug and laid by the increase of it, and planted that in the following spring. Next year he planted the

larger crop gathered the previous autumn. The potatoes grew healthily and did well, and his fourth year's harvest amounted to four hundred bushels. The farmer asked to be released from his bargain, for he saw the boy's planting would cover all his land. And yet it is quite common to despise "the day of small things."

A LITTLE GOOD SAMARITAN. (531)

Luke 10: 33.

For a Sermonette.

A Sunday School missionary, while addressing a Sunday School, noticed a little girl shabbily dressed and barefoot, shrinking in the corner, her little sunburned face buried in her hand, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years of age, got up and went to her. Taking her by the hand, she led her out to a brook, where she seated the little one on a log. Then kneeling beside her, this good Samaritan took off the ragged sunbonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed the other's hot eyes and tear stained face, and smoothed her tangled hair, talking cheerily all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears vanished, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth. The missionary, who had followed the two, stepped forward and asked, "Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister." "Oh, one of the neighbor's children," replied the missionary; "a little schoolmate, perhaps?" "No, sir; she is a stranger. I never saw her before." "Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her?" "Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."—*Christian Standard*.

HELPING CHILDREN TO PRAY. (532)

The parents of little Willie were not Christians. They were respectable. His mother taught him the Lord's Prayer. She also taught him,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," etc.

Then the boy would repeat after his mother: "God bless papa." "God bless mamma." "God bless Willie, and make me a good little boy."

One evening as he was kissing his mother good night, he looked up into her face, and said: "Does you pray, mamma?" "No, darling." "Does papa pray?" "I never heard him pray?" "Why does you make me pray?" "That you may be good." "Don't you want to be good, mamma?" "Oh, yes; I want to be good." "Then why don't you pray, and papa pray?" "We've gotten out of the spirit. I guess." "Well, mamma, maybe God will hear my prayer. But don't you think you and papa are expecting too much of a little fellow like me. Do you believe that God wants me to do all the praying for this whole family? Seems to me you and papa might help me a little."

These words sank deep into the mother's heart, and it was not long before that house was a house of prayer unto the living God.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLOTHES. (532a)

That "apostle of house-to-house visitation," as Mr. Hugh Cork, of Pennsylvania, has been called, is a repository of incidents bearing upon his favorite department of Sunday-school work. He tells this story of a canvass of Pittsburgh. The visitors in a certain section of that city discovered a poor but Christian family, consisting of the parents and twelve children. The family purse was not equal to twelve good suits of clothes, however, and as the mother wanted her children to attend Sunday-school, she sent six one Sunday and the other six the following Sunday, the ages of the children making this possible. "The clothes went to church every Sunday, but the children only every other Sunday," is the way Mr. Cork put it. The visitor reported the case to friends, and the following Sunday all twelve children went to Sunday-school, thanks to the house-to-house visitation.

AN OLD WORLD HERO. (533)

2 Sam. 23: 20; Prov. 20: 1, 23: 29.

Once upon a time, there lived in the island of Crete, a terrible monster, half man and half beast, called the Minotam. This creature lived on human flesh, and his master, Minos, the King of Crete, used to go forth up and down the land seeking victims for him. On one occasion, so the story runs, King Minos laid siege to Athens, the most beautiful city of Greece, and threatened to destroy it altogether unless the inhabitants accepted his terms. These were that a human tribute of seven choice youths and seven lovely maidens should be sent every nine years to Crete to be devoured by the Minotam. The Athenians, in despair, seeing no other way of saving their city from destruction, were compelled at last to agree to these terrible conditions, and every nine years the seven youths and the seven maidens were sent in a ship to Crete, and, of course, were never heard of again. On the third occasion, a noble youth, the son of a king called Theseus, determined if possible to put an end to this frightful tyranny, and with this purpose in his heart volunteered to go as one of the seven. When he arrived at Crete he made the acquaintance of the daughter of King Minos, a beautiful princess called Ariadne, who hated the Minotam as much as Theseus, and who offered to help in his endeavor to slay the monster. So she gave him a wonderful sword and a ball of thread, by unwinding which as he went along he might have a clue to guide him safely back from the tortuous maze in which the Minotam dwelt.

After a long search he found the monster, and a terrible battle took place, in which Theseus was more than once almost overcome, but his splendid courage and his good sword at last prevailed, and he slew the Minotam and thus freed his city forever from its terrible bondage. This is only an old world legend, but there is a monster far more terrible than the Minotam to be faced in our own land today—a monster who is not satis-

fied with seven youths and seven maidens every nine years, but who destroys hundreds and thousands of children, besides men and women, every year—and that is the demon of strong drink. The Minotaur of America is the drink traffic, and the greatest need of the present day is for Theseus and Ariadne to come forth and slay this monster; in other words, for our boys and girls to determine, God helping them, that the power of this giant evil shall be crushed and broken in the near future and its cause removed from this broad land forever.

THE FORCE OF HEREDITY. (534)

There are two forces which mould our lives, heredity and association. The force of the former is suggested by many a myth and particularly in that of Autolycus. He was a very dexterous thief, who could transform himself into various shapes to escape detection and at the same time could render invisible any article he may have stolen. Responsibility for the various acts, however, seems not to have been visited upon him, since the propensity and ability were inherited from his father, Hermes, who was a greater thief than any of his children and was worshipped as the patron god of thieves. The teaching is all the plainer, too, in that Autolycus was the maternal grandfather of Ulysses, in whom, however, the inheritance was weakened until it became that degree of cunning and subtlety which gave him fame as a wise man. It is an interesting study from that far-off time of one of the forces on which we must count in our endeavor to mould human character, and to which the Scripture refers: "In those days they shall say no more. The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. But every one shall die for his own iniquity; every man that eateth the sour grape, his teeth shall be set on edge." Jer. 31: 29, 30.

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STORIES OF CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

FROM "FAMOUS HYMNS AND THEIR AUTHORS—BY F. A. JONES."

"TUG OF WAR HYMN." ✓

Bishop Heber's fine hymn dedicated to St. Stephen is just as often sung on All Saint's Day, and therefore no apology is needed in giving it a place under this chapter. It is found in Heber's collection of manuscript hymns in the British Museum, and there begins "The Son of God is gone to war." Many fine settings have been written for this hymn, and it is sometimes given in stanzas of four lines and sometimes of eight. In the original it appears in four-line stanzas.

This hymn was brought prominently before the public some years ago by Juliana Horatia Ewing in her very beautiful *Story of a Short Life*. In that pathetic history of the troubles of a courageous little sufferer it will be remembered that "The Son of God goes forth to war" was the favorite hymn in the barracks, and was always referred to by the soldiers as the "tug of war" hymn. The hero of the story, one of the officer's sons who meets with an accident and is crippled for life, begs a few moments before his death that the soldiers may be allowed to sing their "tug of war" hymn once again before he dies. The soldiers are told of his desire, and they go beneath his window and sing the well known lines. When they are in the midst of the verse:—

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice
In robes of light array'd,

they glance towards the window and, seeing a hand stretched forth to pull the blind down, know that the last lines are falling on ears which will never hear them. It is a most beautiful story, and at the height of its popularity all the school children were asking for the "tug of war" hymn. It was Mrs. Ewing's husband who wrote the most popular tune to "Jerusalem the Golden," and the one which Dr. Neale declared most exactly suited the words.

A story is told of an old man over eighty years of age, who, when he lay dying, endeavored in vain to recall a single prayer or hymn which might help to comfort him in his journey into the unknown. He had led anything but a blameless life; since the age of twenty he had never once entered a place of worship or given a single thought to a future state; and now, as he stood on the threshold of a new life, his brain could frame no prayer to the God before whom he was so soon to appear.

And then suddenly his vision cleared, and he saw himself a little lad again, kneeling at his mother's knee, repeating his evening hymn; and unconsciously from his lips issued those tender words which for nearly seventy years he had neither uttered nor heard—

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon this little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

It is the same with a good many of us. We often remember most clearly the lessons we learned in childhood, and it is probable that there are few readers of this little volume who could not recall the days when they too knelt and repeated the same familiar lines. It was one of the earliest hymns Charles Wesley wrote, and he composed it expressly for children. It has, indeed, been stated that the author wrote it for his own children, but this of course is incorrect, inasmuch as Charles Wesley was not married until many years after its composition. There is little doubt, however, that in after years his own children loved this little hymn as much as any child who sings it today. It was written about the year 1740, and published two years later in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. This simple and beautiful composition is in two parts of seven verses each, the second part beginning—

Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my Example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

THE OLD, OLD STORY. ✓

A children's hymn which has become almost a classic is:—

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave:
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

written by Miss Katherine Hankey some thirty-five years ago. It has probably been translated into more languages and dialects than any other child's hymn, and every year the author receives numerous requests from missionaries and workers in distant corners of the globe for permission to make fresh translations.

The history of the origin of "Tell me the old, old story" I heard from the lips of the author herself some months ago, as she sat and wrote an autograph of the beautiful hymn.

"The hymn as I first wrote it," said Miss Hankey, "consisted of fifty verses of four lines each. It was divided into two parts—'The Story Wanted' and 'The Story Told.' I wrote Part I towards the end of January, 1866. I was unwell at the time—just recovering from a serious illness—and the second verse really indicates my state of health, for I was, literally, 'weak and weary.' When I had written the first part, which consisted of eight verses,

I laid it aside; and it was not until the following November that I completed the whole hymn. It is, perhaps, strange that the plea for the story, and not the story itself, should become the favorite hymn; but of course the second part is far too long for congregational singing."

Miss Hankey also composed a musical setting for "Tell me the old, old story," which is very simple and beautiful. Though frequently sung, however, it has never attained the popularity enjoyed by that published in the American hymnal.

"What has always greatly surprised me," continued Miss Hankey, "is that so many people, including hymnal editors, should look upon it only as a children's hymn; I certainly had not children in my mind when I wrote it. However, if it answer its purpose, I suppose it matters very little whether it is sung by the young or the aged. I am sincerely grateful that my little hymn has proved a comfort and a blessing to so many."

HAPPY LAND.

A hymn which was perhaps more popular with children fifteen years ago than it is today is "There is a happy land, far, far away." It was written by Mr. Andrew Young in 1838. Mr. Young happened during that year to be spending his holiday in Rothesay, and one day called at the house of a friend, where he passed the afternoon. In the drawing-room a little girl began to play on the piano. The tune was a pretty little Indian melody, very simple, and Mr. Young, who was passionately fond of music, begged her to play it again. He remarked that it would make a capital tune for a children's hymn, and again asked to have it repeated. That night, as he slept, the tune still haunted him, and early in the morning he rose, and, while walking in the garden, wrote the hymn which has now become so well known. It has been translated into many languages and dialects, and is a general favorite among the converted natives of China.

Mr. Andrew Young was born in Edinburgh, where he was educated, in 1807. At the early age of twenty-three he was appointed Head Master of Niddry Street School, Edinburgh, where, in less than ten years, he raised the number of pupils from 80 to 600. In 1840 he became Principal English Master at Madras College, St. Andrew's, where his success as a teacher was no less remarkable. This appointment, however, he resigned in 1853, and became Superintendent of the Greenside Parish Sabbath Schools. He died on November 30, 1889.

I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE BEEN WITH THEM THEN.

One of the most widely known and best loved of all children's hymns is:—

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,

I should like to have been with them then,

written in 1841. The authoress, Mrs. Jemima Luke, is still happily with us, and is now (1902) living a retired life in the Isle of Wight. This lady has recently published a delightful book of reminiscences, written in so fresh and interesting a manner as to suggest the work of a young and ingenuous girl rather than that of a lady between eighty and ninety years of age.

"The Child's Desire," as Mrs. Luke entitled her hymn, was written, as many people are aware, in a stage coach, between Taunton and Wellington. The story of its composition is well known, but will bear repetition. At the Normal Infant School, Gray's Inn Road, where Miss Thompson (as she was then) had gone to learn the system, the teachers had to march up and down the school room singing the marching pieces provided for their future use, and amongst them was the air to which Mrs. Luke's hymn was subsequently adapted. The words set to it in the book of marching pieces were simple and pretty, but Miss Thompson thought the air would better adapt itself to a hymn, and tried in vain to find one to suit the measure. Just about this time she became seriously ill with erysipelas, and for days lay only half conscious. When she recovered she was sent to Taunton for change of air, and it was during this visit that "The Child's Desire" was written.

"In the small town of Wellington," to quote Mrs. Luke's own words, "five miles away, there was a little association in aid of the Society for Female Education in the East. One fine spring morning I went in a two-horse coach to see how the Society was prospering. It was an hour's ride. There was no other inside passenger. I took a letter from my pocket, and on the back of the envelope wrote two verses of the little hymn now so well known. The composition originally consisted of two verses only, but in response to a request from my father to make it a missionary hymn, the third verse was added.

"My father superintended the Sunday School at the little chapel belonging to the estate. He used to let the children choose the first hymn themselves. One Sunday afternoon they struck up their new hymn. My father turned to my younger sisters, who stood near him, and said, 'Where did that come from? I never heard it before.' 'Oh, Jemima made it,' was the reply. On the Monday he asked me for a copy of the words and tune. This he sent, with name and address in full, to the Sunday School Teachers' Magazine, where it appeared the following month. But for my father's intervention the hymn would in all probability never have been preserved."

Another hymn for children which has become a great favorite in England, though by an American writer, is "Jesus loves me, this I know." It was written about the year 1858 by Miss Anna Warner, sister of the author of *Queechy* and other popular novels. Miss Warner, who has all her long life taken the greatest interest in the religious education of children, had, until quite recently, a very large Sunday School at West Point, and it was her

invariable custom to write for her pupils a fresh hymn once a month. She used to take a tune which the children knew and liked, and then write words to fit the melody. One of these hymns was "Jesus loves me," and it was written for the tiny members of her class. It soon became a favorite in America, ultimately finding its way into nearly all American hymnals. Very soon it was taken by English editors, and it would be difficult to say in which country it is now more often sung.

Miss Warner is the daughter of the late Henry W. Warner, and was born in New York sometime during the latter part of the year 1821. She has written several volumes of poems and hymns, besides numerous novels which have had a large circulation in the States.

"A Mother's Evening Hymn," might have been written by the author of "Sweet and low"—

O little child! lie still and sleep;
Jesus is near, thou need'st not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep,
By day and night;
Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.

O little child! be still and rest,
He sweetly sleeps, whom Jesus keeps,
And in the morning wakes so blest,
His child to be;
Love every one, but love Him best,
He first loved thee.

✓ SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

Another hymn for children which has come to us from an American source is "Shall we gather at the river?" by Robert Lowry. The following rather quaintly expressed history of the origin of this hymn is given by Mr. E. W. Long in his *Illustrated History of Hymns and Their Authors*—

"On a very hot summer day in 1864 a pastor was seated in his parlor in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was a time when an epidemic was sweeping through the city, and draping many persons and dwellings in mourning. All around friends and acquaintances were passing away to the spirit land in large numbers. The question began to arise in the heart, with unusual emphasis, 'Shall we meet again? We are parting at the river of death: shall we meet at the river of life?' 'Seating myself at the organ,' says he (Mr. Lowry), 'simply to give vent to the pent-up emotions of the heart, the words and music of the hymn began to flow out as if by inspiration—'

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod?"

Dr. Lowry wrote a great number of hymns, for several of which he also composed effective music which helped considerably to increase their popularity. A hymn by Dr. Lowry which has been taken by many authors as the foundation of pathetic stories is "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

JESUS, MEEK AND GENTLE. ✓ 216

Mr. George Rundle Prynne, the present Vicar of St. Peter's, Plymouth, is the author of:—

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Savior,
Hear Thy children's cry.

one of the simplest and yet most perfect hymns for children ever written. It was composed in 1856, and first appeared in a collection of hymns edited by Mr. Prynne. In 1861 it was given in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and subsequently in nearly all hymnals published in Great Britain and America. In 1881 Mr. Prynne published it in a volume of hymns entitled *The Dying Soldier's Vision*, but by a mistake in passing the proof sheets the opening line read "Jesus, meek and gentle" instead of "Jesu, meek and gentle" as originally conceived. In subsequent hymnals, however, the old form was adhered to.

With regard to this composition the author says—

"This little hymn has found its way into most hymn books. It is commonly thought to have been written for children, and on this supposition I have been asked to simplify the fourth verse. The hymn was not, however, written specially for children. When it is used in collections of hymns for children it might be well to alter the fourth verse, which in the original runs—

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

to the more simple—

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through earth's passing darkness
To heaven's endless day."

During a visit paid to St. Peter's Vicarage some time ago, I had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Prynne the circumstances under which he wrote his now famous hymn.

"I composed it," said Mr. Prynne, "one summer's evening just forty-six years ago, and I don't suppose the entire composition took me more than half an hour. My wife, who was a very good musician, was playing to me from my favorite composers at the time, and as she played so the words of the hymn came into my mind. I did not at first think of reducing them to paper, and it was only after the entire hymn was conceived that I at last took an old envelope from my pocket and scribbled the verses on the back. Then I read them over to Mrs. Prynne, and as she seemed to like them they were preserved, and subsequently appeared in one of my own books. I have been rather surprised that most hymnal editors should take it for granted that I wrote the hymn for children. Of course I did nothing of the sort, but I daresay it makes just as good a hymn for little ones as for adults, and after all I suppose most of us are children only 'larger grown.'"

"A short time after its publication I went for a holiday to Rome, and while there was asked to conduct the service at the English

Church. When the time for giving out the hymns came I was rather startled to find myself delivering the first line of my own composition: Hymn No. — 'Jesu, meek and gentle.' The pleasure I experienced on finding that it had so soon made its way to Rome was in no way lessened on hearing from the Vicar that the name of the author had not occurred to him, in fact he had never heard it!"

A hymn for children by the late Frances Ridley Havergal, which has become very popular both in this country and America, is:—

Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
V Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King.

Her sister gives the following account of the writing of this hymn—

"When visiting at Perry Barr Frances walked to the boys' school room, and, being very tired, she leaned against the playground wall while Mr. Snapp, a gentleman who was with her, went in. Returning in ten minutes he found her scribbling on an old envelope. At his request she handed him the hymn just penciled, "Golden harps are sounding."

A few days later Miss Havergal composed a special tune for this hymn, and it was this same tune, "Hermas," that the gifted poetess sang a few moments before she died.

Miss Havergal was once asked by a correspondent how she composed her hymns, to whom she replied—

"I can never set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it. That is how the hymns and poems come. The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold into my possession and said, 'Now use it as you like! But He keeps the gold and gives it me piece by piece just when He will, and as much as He will and no more. Some day perhaps He will send me a bright line of verses on 'Satisfied' ringing through my mind, and then I shall look up and thank Him and say, 'Now, dear Master, give me another to rhyme with it, and then another'; and then perhaps He will send it all in one flow of musical thoughts, but more likely one at a time, that I may be kept asking Him for every line. There, that is the process, and you see there is no 'I can do it' at all. That isn't His way with me. I often smile to myself when people talk about 'gifted pen' or 'clever verses,' etc., because they don't know that it is neither, but something really much nicer than being 'talented' or 'clever.'"

It is a thing most wonderful,

Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from Heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

It was written with the intention of being sung at Sunday School anniversaries, and based on the text "Herein is Love."

Bishop Walsham How had more than an ordinary love for children, and it is therefore

not surprising that his hymns for little ones are so successful. It is said of him that even when nearing that age when he might be said to be "getting old" he would sit down and write a set of nonsense verses for a favorite grandchild with the greatest enthusiasm and earnestness. His character was an extraordinarily lovable and unselfish one. Though Bishop How is the author of many works of great learning and value, it is not improbable that his hymns will outlive them all.

✓ I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

A hymn of American origin, which has found considerable favor with the editors of English hymnals, is—

I love to hear the story
That angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.

written by Mrs. Miller, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Huntington, of Brooklyn, Connecticut. In a letter from Boonton, New Jersey, Mrs. Miller writes—

"I do not know that there are any circumstances of special interest connected with the writing of this children's hymn. I was at the time (1867) joint editor of a magazine for young people entitled *The Little Corporal*, for which I usually furnished a poem to be set to music each month. I had had a very serious illness and was slowly recovering, and, though too weak to do much literary work, the fact that *The Little Corporal* would be published without my usual contribution was something of a worry to me. I determined, if possible, that this should not happen, so one afternoon, when I felt a little stronger, I took pen and paper and began to write 'I love to hear the story.' Though it is now close upon thirty-five years ago, I remember that the words were suggested rapidly and continuously as if I were writing from dictation. In less than fifteen minutes the hymn was written and sent away without any corrections. Its popularity has always surprised me, as among the hundreds of hymns and songs which I have written, many seem to me to be of greater merit."

A very beautiful hymn by this author, but one which is not generally known, is the following, which should be included in all children's hymnals—

Father, while the shadows fall,
With the twilight over all,
Deign to hear my evening prayer,
Make a little child Thy care.

Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break;
Guard me through the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.

'Twas Thy hand that all the day
Scattered joys along my way,
Crowned my life with blessings sweet,
Kept from snares my careless feet.

Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break;
Guard me through the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.

Like Thy patient love to me,
May my love to others be;
All the wrong my hands have done,
Pardon, Lord, through Christ, Thy Son.

Take me in Thy holy keeping
Till the morning break;
Guard me through the darkness sleeping,
Bless me when I wake.

The late Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander had every right to be considered par excellence the children's hymnist. Her hymns are known wherever Christianity is preached, and the translations that have been made are innumerable. The Rev. F. A. Wallis, of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, says he has heard Mrs. Alexander's hymns sung by half-clad Africans in a language she had never known. Perhaps the best loved of all the hymns by this writer is:—

There is a green hill far away
Outside a city wall,
✓ Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

It was written in 1847 and first published in the author's *Hymns for Little Children*, a tiny volume of some thirty leaves, illustrated with full-page colored illustrations. Mrs. Alexander once told me that her hymns were usually written for her Sunday School class, and were nearly all read over to her small scholars before being published. It is related that the beautiful and pathetic "There is a green hill" was written while Mrs. Alexander was sitting by the bedside of a sick child. The little girl was dangerously ill, but recovered, and ever after referred to this particular hymn as her own property. Some of the greatest composers of modern times have set this hymn to music. Gounod, whose setting is perhaps the most widely known and appreciated, affirmed that it was the most perfect hymn in the English language, its greatest beauty being its simplicity. Between the author and composer an interesting correspondence took place, and one of Mrs. Alexander's most prized possessions was an autograph copy of the famous composition sent to her by Gounod himself. In speaking about Mrs. Alexander's hymns a short while before his death, Gounod remarked that many of them set themselves to music.

In the manuscript copy of this hymn it will be noted that the first verse reads—

There is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

This substitution of the word "outside" for "without" was made on the authoress being asked by a very small child what was meant by a green hill not having a city wall. This reminds one of the story of the little boy whose mother was teaching him a certain hymn, and when she came to the well-known lines—

Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees,

stopped his parent with the paralyzing ques-

tion, "Why does the weakest saint sit on Satan's knees?" The great beauty, however, of Mrs. Alexander's hymns is their simplicity, and probably fewer questions have been asked regarding their meaning (by children) than of those of any other writer.

Among other hymns for children by Mrs. Alexander is "Once in royal David's city," which ranks second in point of popularity to "There is a green hill." It might very well be sung as a Christmas hymn, being founded on words taken from the Creed—"Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." Mention must also be made of "We are but little children weak," a hymn founded on the proverb, "Even a little child is known by his doings," "All things bright and beautiful," an exquisitely descriptive hymn based on the verse "God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good," and "Do no sinful action."

Mrs. Alexander was the daughter of Major John Humphreys, who fought at the battle of Copenhagen. In 1847 she married the Rev. William Alexander, who subsequently became Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and ultimately Primate of All Ireland. She took the greatest interest in all religious and charitable works and was greatly beloved by the poor. Her best-known poems is "The Burial of Moses," which had a wide circulation. Of this work Tennyson said that it was one of the poems by a living writer of which he would have been proud to be the author. Mrs. Alexander died at the Palace, Londonderry, in 1895.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER. ✓

One of the most remarkable men in the Church of England today is the present Vicar of Lew Trenchard, the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. His name is appended to more works in the British Museum than that of any other living writer, and there are few subjects on which he cannot write with authority. It is, however, as a hymn writer that Mr. Baring-Gould must be considered in the present volume, and his claim to a place among writers for children lies in his being the author of—

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the twilight
Steal across the sky.

This beautiful little hymn was written in 1865 and appeared in the *Church Times* the same year. Three years later it was included in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and today it would be difficult to find a hymnal published during the last twenty-five years, either in England or America, in which it does not appear.

This version is, perhaps, the more poetical of the two.

Mr. Baring-Gould wrote the hymn specially for the children in his Sunday School at Horbury Bridge. It is intended for evening singing and was founded on the text taken from Proverbs 3: 24: "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."

THE HOMILETIC YEAR—JUNE.

By G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

Children's Day, Flag Raising Day, Commencement Time.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

What more powerful object lesson, setting forth the love of Christ and of Christ's Church to the young, than the services of Children's Day? What clearer demonstration of the identity of Church and Sabbath School could be given? I venture to say that the children and youth of the Church never have doubted, since the establishment of Children's Day, the Church's supreme interest in, and love for them; and they have reciprocated this interest and love with all the enthusiasm of their youthful spirits.

One of the most beautiful incidents in the life of our Lord occurred when He was on the direct road to Jerusalem and Calvary, and was surrounded by an excited and wondering multitude; when, in this very crisis of His work, He stopped to give an opportunity to mothers and fathers to bring their young children to Him that He might put His hands upon them and bless them. And when the disciples rebuked this parental solicitude as an interference with the greater and more important work of healing and teaching the crowds, Jesus rebuked them and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them. Is not this Children's Day the outgrowth of the "same mind that was also in Christ Jesus."

The Christian appreciation of childhood is one of the significant marks of this new and brighter era; and it brings with it a baptism of new and simpler love, the hearts of the fathers being turned to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers.—James A. Worden, D. D.

Preaching to Children: We struggle to reach men and to win them for our Christ and His kingdom. To this end we toil hard and as wisely as we know. We whet our wits in the best theological seminaries of the land. We mingle with our own methods those of the wisest soul-winners of the day. We resort to our secret places for prayer, and there plead for the divine direction, for the wisdom and the power of the Spirit, that our ability, native and acquired, may be baptized for successful service for the salvation of men. But alas! often our disappointment is only lessened, not allayed. Now, if with what nature has done for them, our candidates for the ministry should betake themselves to the colleges and seminaries, and there prepare with special reference to service, first, amidst the first life of the congregation, the children; second, among the young people; and, thirdly, with the adults, settled and established in sin, who knows but that active work, with the child's interest held as first, rather than as last, would result in that full success for which we are yearning and striving?

I. How Should We Preach to Children?

1. With much interest in them and singular love for them. 2. By presenting all necessary truths in simple words. 3. By illustrating with object lessons of various kinds. 4. By presenting the word of life—not jokes and funny tales. 5. In simple, easy, natural style, talk and question rather than use stilted, conventional address. 6. Depend upon the Holy Spirit, not on sensational, exciting stories, to arouse a sense of guilt in God's sight. 7. Present to the children the conditions of salvation which the Word of God lays down.

II. What Results May We Expect?

1. That he who thought he could not preach to children easily can. 2. That a work once considered truly distasteful has become delightful. 3. That the longer one tries it the easier it becomes, helps steadily accumulating. 4. That better attention is given by children than by adults. 5. That the adults enjoy the sermons to children more than the sermon shot over their heads and get more out of them. 6. That by obeying God, "feeding the lambs," these little ones are saved. 7. That opposition to such work is often but a cloud of ignorance that will vanish as the work goes on wisely. 8. That once we get all the children saved, there will remain no unsaved adults. 9. That little children brought to Christ often bring their parents to Him. 10. That the work of home and Sunday School is not so largely lost from lack of pulpit harvesting.—Rev. R. W. Lewis.

The Duty of Parents: Deut. 6:3-25; Eph. 6:4; 2 Tim. 1:5. Parents owe a duty to their children in all their parts—physical, mental and spiritual. Body, mind and soul must be symmetrically developed if the best results are to be produced. Nor can these duties be relegated to others. The care of the body cannot be left to the physician, the care of the mind to the school and the care of the soul to the church. Many parents seem to act upon this principle, but it is a false one.

Supreme among the duties that parents owe to children is the spiritual or religious duty. The care of the soul and its development far surpasses that of the body or mind, though these should never be neglected. And that religious care may be properly given, the Bible lays down a number of principles upon the subject.

1. Religious training should be by precept. "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." This is God's command. Parents should teach their children the truths of the Bible and should educate them in the beliefs and duties of religion. And this can only be done by knowledge on the part of the parents themselves. "These shall be in thine heart—and thou shalt teach them." We can only teach what we know. We must know the

Bible to teach it. We must know religion experimentally to teach it. How can a parent who is not a Christian lead a child to Christ?

II. Religious training should be without tyranny. "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord." Many parents have made their children hate religion by the brutal way in which they presented it. They have driven them from God instead of to him by the false way in which they have presented Him. Children have rights and feelings that should be respected.

III. Religious training should be by example. Timothy inherited Christian faith, and learned the Christian life by the example of his mother and grandmother in the home. Precept is worthless without example. What we do will speak so loud that our children will not be able to hear what we say, unless speech and action are in full harmony and accord.—Author Unknown.

Logs: Sermon to Children. Prov. 4:23. —A short time ago, I went into a saw mill yard and saw a good many knotty and crooked logs. I asked the owner if he could do anything with such crooked, gnarled things. "Oh, yes," he said, we can use almost anything here; we can cut them up for some purpose." Just then his eye caught sight of a log that was decayed at the heart; he added, "But we can not do much of anything with them when they are rotten at the heart." Boys and girls are a good deal like logs (I am not calling you sticks, or even wooden), there are some pretty crooked and gnarled ones. Some are not much to look at, homely, rough and ugly. But the great Carpenter and the wise Master-builder can make some use of them all, provided only their hearts are sound and right. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."—Author Unknown.

A Magnet: Sermon to Children. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32.

That does not mean that everybody will be saved. See (showing them a magnet with a piece of iron on the desk), this magnet is drawing this piece of iron, but the great world is also drawing it; and the world's drawing is so great that the magnet can only raise one end. It is just so when Christ draws hearts; the world draws also, and so there are many who feel the drawing of Christ and don't come to him.

Christ is drawing everybody and trying to save them. He is drawing the old people that are not Christians; but many other things are drawing them, and have been drawing them so long that few of them come. Even when they do come to Christ, their old habits and ways still draw them, and they drop away just like this (taking up a heavy nail on a small magnet and shaking it off). The middle-aged, when drawn to Christ, hold on better. They have not sinned as long as those that are older, but long enough to make it hard to give it up, and the old habits keep drawing them away so that they drop off easily (illustrating this by taking up a number

eight nail on a small magnet and shaking it off).

The young, when they come to Christ, hold on well; they have not so many bad habits, and soon get into the habits of piety and goodness. But the bad which they have done draws them. They hold on to Christ just like these shingle nails (shaking off shingle nails from the magnet with difficulty); it takes a good deal to shake them off from Christ.

This tells how it is with children when they are drawn to Christ; they hold on (holding up the magnet with a number of sprig nails attached and shaking it); you cannot shake them off. God bless the children, the Church's hope. Children, Christ is drawing you now; will you come to him? He promises to receive you and keep you and take you to heaven.—Rev. Wm. Armstrong.

Everybody a Magnet: Sermon to Children. "He findeth first his own brother Simon. . . . And he brought him to Jesus." John 1:41, 42.

Children, you know what a magnet is. This is one (holding it up.) We saw last Sabbath that it draws things. Whenever anything is drawn by a magnet it becomes a kind of a magnet itself; it partakes of the nature of the magnet. My pen-knife, you see (putting the knife on to some sprig nails), does not draw, for it was never near a magnet. But now see it (after rubbing the knife-blade smartly on the face of the magnet and picking up the sprigs with it. It has got the nature of the magnet in it and draws things. Last Sabbath we learned that Christ on the cross draws us to himself. Everybody that comes to Christ becomes like Him, partakes of His nature, and draws others. He becomes a magnet, and draws others. In our text, just as soon as Andrew comes to Christ he begins to think of how he can draw others to him; so he goes first to find his brother and brings him. A boy once talked to others about Christ; they all agreed to meet each Saturday evening and talk about and pray to Him. Almost all of them became Christians. I was one of those boys. Not only did they become Christians, but one-third of them are now ministers of the Gospel. O children! if you will only let Christ's love touch your hearts and draw you, you will also become magnets, to draw others to Him and children to the church and Sabbath-school and children's meetings.—Rev. Wm. Armstrong.

A Swarm of Bees: Sermon to Children. "What manner of persons ought ye to be?" II Peter 3:11.

(Have a hive made, if possible, out of rope, in the old sugar loaf style. Make seven bees out of tissue paper, yellow or brown, and color them with water colors. Underneath each bee write one of the headings, e. g. Be kind. Have them placed on the hive and ask one of the children by name to take one of the bees and tell us one thing we ought to be.)

Introduction. Being and Doing. Boys

and girls are very active, they want to be doing something. But before we can do something we must be something.

I. Be Yourself, Rom. 12:3. Be not an imitator. "Make it thy business to know thyself which is the most difficult business of the world."

II. Be Thoughtful, II Cor. 10:5. How often we say "I don't think!" It is our business to think. Thoughtfulness is an excellent antidote for selfishness. Thoughtfulness is the mark of the gentleman and gentlewoman. Poem, "I didn't think." Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

III. Be Kind, Eph. 4:32.

"How'er it be it seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

IV. Be True, Phil. 4:8.

"To thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

V. Be Brave, Eph. 6:13; Exod. 14:15. It is a brave thing to stand or to go where God wants us to be or to do.

VI. Be a Worker, II Tim. 2:15; Eccl. 16:6. Christ was one of the world's workers. "My father worketh hitherto and I work."

VII. Be Prayerful, Eph. 6:18. This is the best of all. For the weapon of "all prayer" sharpens all the others—Rev. F. E. Andrews.

Weeds and Habits: Sermon to Children. Among the innumerable analogies that may be traced between the phenomena of the natural and the moral world, there are few more perfect or more instructive than that which may be shown to exist between the weeds of the field and garden and the bad habits, the weeds of the heart.

I. Both commence on a small scale.—The Scotchman's little paper of thistle-seeds was sufficient to overrun an island as large as England with the noxious weeds. So the little mischievous seed which a man sows in his heart will bear a crop of weeds out of all proportion to the original germ.

II. Both weeds and bad habits mature and multiply without cultivation.—Whatever is valuable must be reared with more or less care and labor; but these natural and moral pests ask only to be let alone. Neglect is the only care they require. Do nothing, and you do all that they ask.

III. They are both lusty and hardy—they are not apt to be nipped up by early or late frosts or scorched by fiery suns. They are the last things to be drowned in a flood or to dry up in a drought. Give them a foothold in the soil, and the smallest possible chance of life, and they will take care of themselves.

IV. They are both amazingly prolific.—It has been said that a single plant of the weed called "sow thistle" will produce over eleven thousand seeds. We will not venture to calculate how many mischievous seeds may spring from a single weed in the heart, but we know that such things are very prolific.

V. Both are costly and destructive.—Though no toil is required to raise a crop of weeds, they eat up the goodness of the soil, and deprive those plants which are valuable of their proportion of nourishment.

VI. If suffered to remain long in the ground, they both become very difficult to extirpate.—If you would eradicate a noxious plant you must take it in hand at an early stage. If you wait till its seeds are wafted to every corner of the field, and its roots have spread deep and wide, it will mock your efforts to exterminate it. You may cut it down or pluck it up; you may burn it or bury it; you may fight it manfully and patiently; but while you are subduing it in one spot it will spring up afresh in another, to mock your labors and vex your soul. So it is with a heart long overgrown with the weeds of bad habits.—Author Unknown.

The "Lion Sermon": "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour; whom resist steadfast in the faith." I Peter 5:8, 9.

There is a curious service held in an old church in the city of London. On October 16, every year, is preached in St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall street, what is called the "Lion Sermon." It has been preached every year in that same church for the last two hundred and fifty years.

If you want to be present and go a little earlier than the hour you would hear the most lovely chime of bells—a chime beginning in the ordinary way, only more softly pealing, and then breaking into hymn tunes, "Sun of my Soul," "Abide with Me," "The Happy Land," and the like. Then there is the service, made very short; then the event of the evening—the sermon, the "Lion Sermon."

There was once in the city a very pious man called Sir John Gayer (or Gair). At one time he was lord mayor of London. Sir John happened to be in Asia at one period of his life. And when he, with his caravan was traveling through a desert place, he found himself face to face and alone with a lion. Everybody of his company who could help him had gone forward. Sir John knew that only God could deliver him. He thought of Daniel in the den of lions. He perhaps thought of Paul, who at one time was expecting to meet an emperor who was as cruel as a lion. And he fell upon his knees there before the beast and shut his eyes and cried to God to shut the mouth of the lion. And when he had finished his prayer and opened his eyes, the lion was nowhere to be seen. So when he came back to London, he set aside a sum of money to be given away in gifts to the poor people every October 16, and to secure that a sermon should be preached to tell the generations to come, how God heard his prayer and delivered him from the mouth of the lion.

Lions? There was an actual lion.

Lions? There are stone monuments of them! In abbeys and cathedrals you may

see knights with their feet resting on the lion.

Well, the lion the knights sought to trample was the evil spirit, which goeth about like a roaring lion.

Perhaps you may never have to face an actual lion. But there are other lions you will have to face.

I. There is the lion of sloth.

II. There is the lion of passionate anger.

III. There is the lion of untruthfulness.

IV. There is the lion that rends the soul (Ps. 7).

V. There is the lion that waits secretly for his prey.

Who is to help you to subdue them? Only God.—Alexander MacLaren, D. D.

Appreciate the Child.—I want to speak to the Church of God. Church of God, learn to see in the child what Jesus sees. It is not a mere bundle of flesh and bone, it is a creature of immense potentialities. It is a life of endless development. It is a soul with wondrous destinies. It is the oak in the acorn. It is an archangel in embryo. Church of God, put forth thy chief effort to save the child, for the child convert is worth far more than the mature convert. Do you object to such a statement as this, you man of sixty? I expect you to object. But consider the proposition seriously and see if it be not true. O you hardened gray-headed sinner, what are you worth? Why should the Church of God waste its time upon you with your burnt-out energies? When there are plenty of fresh candles, what is the use of agonizing to get possession of old candles that are burnt down to the socket and that are flickering in the wick.—Rev. David Gregg, D. D.

Stealing a March on the Devil.—We should get at the children as soon as we can. The devil begins early enough; if possible, let us steal a march upon him.—Rowland Hill.

Spurgeon's Testimony.—Of the many boys and girls whom we have received into church fellowship, I can say of them all that they have gladdened my heart, and I have never received any with greater confidence than I have these. And this I have noticed about them, they have greater joy and rejoicing than any others. Among those I have had at any time to exclude from church fellowship, out of a church of 2,700 members, I have never had to exclude a single one who was received while yet a child.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The Architect's Name.—The work that you are doing with the children may seem hidden, but the impressions of truth will abide when

"The stars grow old,

And the sun grows cold,

And the leaves of the judgment book unfold."

An ancient architect put by royal command the name of Ptolemy upon the lighthouse he reared, but only on a thin surface of limestone, with which he coated the rock. As the years passed away there appeared

the name of Sostratus, which he had cut deep into the imperishable granite. Transient and fugitive impressions may pass from childhood's memory, but if you engrave the name of JESUS on the heart and instill his love in the soul, eternity will reveal the ineffaceable inscription. You and the children God has given you will then rejoice together at Jesus' feet as with a royal diadem you together crown him Lord of all.

Save the Children: Were we more anxious about the children we would do more work of a Christian kind. The old man seems to be beyond our reach, but the little child seems to be made for Christ. It would seem—do not let us shrink from the term—natural for every little child to put out his arms to cling to the Child of Bethlehem. Save the children and you will purify society; expend your solicitude upon the young, opening, tender life, and you shall see the result of your concern after many days. Service should be constituted for children; the old people have had the sanctuary too long; their ears are sated with eloquence; their minds are stored with names that never turn into inspirations; churches might be built for children, and preachers trained to speak to them alone. We have reversed all things and thus have gone astray. . . . A poet says he was nearer heaven in his childhood than he ever was in after days, and he sweetly prayed that he might return through his yesterdays and through his childhood back to God. That is chronologically impossible—locally and physically not to be done, and yet that is the very miracle which is to be performed in the soul—in the spirit; we must be "born again."—Rev. Joseph Parker.

Teach the Children to Look Up: Among the old Romans there prevailed the touching custom of holding the face of every new born babe towards the heavens, signifying by their presenting its forehead to the stars that it was to look above the world into celestial glories. That was only a vain superstition, but Christ has taught us how to realize the old Pagan yearning.—Dr. L. A. Banks.

Bad Home Examples: There is too much home religion like that which led the Scotch boy to ask about heaven: "Will fether be there? Then I'll nae gang!" and the little girl sent up stairs to ask God to give her a better temper, to add, "and please, Lord, make mamma's temper better, too."

Texts and Themes for Children's Day Sermons: Snares, Prov. 1:17. The Way to Heaven, Isa. 35:1-10. Landmarks, Prov. 22:28. The Sabbath—duty,—the laws of right and wrong are landmarks. Snake Bites, John 3:14, 15. Sin, intemperance, evil habits are poisonous snake bites. Trees, Ps. 1:3. There are many kinds of trees, oak, apple, peach, pine, and of many uses, for shade, for lumber, for nuts, for fruits. Some trees are dead trees. This verse speaks of live ones. Lessons from trees: 1. Grow straight. 2. Be sound at the heart. 3. Be strong. 4. Keep growing. 5. Be useful. 6. Be contented. Models, Phil. 3:17. Follow the best models of men and women, boys and girls. Railroad

Lamps, Ps. 119: 105. Red lights, green lights, white lights—danger—caution—go ahead. Picture Taking, Jer. 13: 23. Life is a great picture gallery where every day we are having the soul's picture taken. It is the picture of what we are today and what we are likely to be tomorrow. When it is taken today it is just like the leopard's spots—it is fixed and cannot be changed. Every day you are making a picture which cannot be changed. All the days make a picture of what eternity will be. Keeping House in the Heart, Prov. 4: 21-23. 1. The heart is the house in which the soul lives. 2. A house is built to give comfort and happiness. 3. Furnish your home with good feelings, good loves, good plans. 4. A house must be clean and tidy. 5. Let Christ into your heart house. A house wants good company to add to its comforts.

FLAG RAISING DAY.

"Old Glory" will be one hundred and twenty-six years old on Sunday, June 14th. This anniversary of the adoption of the starry flag as a national banner will be celebrated more generally and more notably than ever before. Fully one million children, representing one-half the whole number of public schools in the country, will commemorate the birth of the star spangled banner with exercises on the 12th or 15th, as interesting as they are patriotic and will emphasize the popularity of the movement inaugurated sixteen years ago of observing the natal day of the old flag in a specific and distinctive manner.

The emblem of the new republic will be generally displayed, North, South, East and West, and the National Executive Committee of the American Patriotic League invites all citizens to display the American colors in every possible place and way.

The observance of the anniversary of the origin of the American flag did not begin until ten years after the centennial of the country. It originated in Boston and spread rapidly through the New England States, into many of the Western and some of the Southern States, until now the practice of paying tribute to the red, white and blue is general throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The old flag today is essentially what it was on that memorable day in 1777 when the Congress of the thirteen original States adopted it as the first common American ensign. The "Union," which originally held as many stars in a circle as there were States, has changed only in size, shape and the number of stars displayed.

The language of the stars and stripes as contained in "Old Glory" is a matter of considerable dispute. The explanation of them most acceptable and most probable is that the blue field meant to represent the night of affliction that in 1777 surrounded the thirteen States, which were typified by the white stars arranged in a circle signifying the endless duration of the new nation, while the stripes were chosen out of compliment to New York and the Dutch Republic, and were a compliment to republican principles. The number of stripes symbolized the thirteen States, the first and thirteenth, both red, representing New Hampshire and Georgia respectively. The colors of the stripes were chosen in order

to afford a distinct contrast, and were merely a change from the orange, white and blue of the old Dutch Republic flag.

Paul Jones made the first public use of the national flag. He ran it up to the masthead of his stanch brig, Ranger, at Portsmouth, and put to sea at once to prove himself a terror to English-merchantmen. The flag was first raised on land during the campaign resulting in the capture of Philadelphia by Howe.

Symbolism of the Flag: Perhaps no flag on sea or land shows its grace and beauty of design so well as the emblem of the United States, as its proportions are perfect when it is accurately and properly made—one-half as broad as it is long—the first stripe at the top red, the next white, and these alternating colors make the last stripe red, the blue field for the stars being the width and square of the first seven stripes.

The Continental Congress appointed a committee to supervise the union of the different parts of the national flag, and the following description of their design and significance was prepared:

"The stars of the new flag represent the new constellation of states rising in the West. The idea was taken from the great constellation of Lyra, which in the hand of Orpheus signifies harmony. The blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanter's banner in Scotland, significant of the league covenant of the United States against oppression, incidentally involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance, and justice.

The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the union; the ring, like the serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars the number of the united colonies, and denoted the subordination of the states to the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was the blending of the various flags of the army, and the white ones of the floating batteries. The red color, which in Roman days was the signal of defiance, denoted daring; and the white, purity."—Harper's Young People.

The Flag Established: The final act of congress by which the flag was established, was approved April 4, 1818, and reads as follows:

"Section I. Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field. Section 2. And be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the Fourth of July next succeeding such admission."

Christian Conquest Movement: It is assuming large proportions. We have before spoken of the Conquest Flag and Emblem used in the decorations at the International Sunday School Convention, and which was designed by Rev. S. M. Johnson of Chicago. This flag will no doubt be adopted by our International Executive Committee at its next meeting, the matter having been referred by the Convention to the Committee.

Mr. Johnson has resigned the pastorate of the Austin Presbyterian Church, Chicago, in order to devote himself to the Christian Conquest Movement, and has opened headquarters at Room 212 Tacoma Building, Chicago. The Christian Conquest Movement was begun by Mr. Johnson one year ago, consequent upon President McKinley's assassination. He designed a flag to be used by all Christian churches and organizations as a symbol of their essential unity and to arouse in them the spirit of aggression. Upon it he placed the cross and the words, "By this Sign Conquer," so that the flag, lifted up, would summon all to unite in instant and world-wide conquest. This flag he associated with the National flag of each country as an emblem of Christian patriotism. And the flag and the emblem were to arrest attention and give emphasis to the spirit and the teaching.

Mr. Johnson's purpose is to preach a new crusade, the rallying of all Christian forces sympathetically under one flag for world-wide evangelism; and especially for the definite and practical teaching of citizenship on a Christian basis and the building up of Christian nations everywhere. He is receiving invitations to address the greatest Christian conventions now being held. He spoke at the International Sunday School Convention in Denver last June and secured the passage of a resolution encouraging the teaching of patriotism in connection with temperance each year on the fourth Sunday of November, among 25,000,000 youths of North America. The flag and emblem were adopted by the Missouri State Sunday School Association in August and is rapidly being adopted and used by the Sunday Schools, Young People's societies and churches of North America, and has spread to several foreign lands.—International S. S. Evangel.

We lift up the flag of Christian Conquest. Upon it we have placed the blood-red cross of Christ and the message of the living God to living men. Let all the truly Christian forces of the world unite for a new Crusade. Our business is not to hesitate or falter, but to fight and to keep on fighting until the world is won and Christ rules supreme in every land and every heart—Rev. S. M. Johnson.

Old Glory: There are some lessons suggested to us by the color of the flag. The white is the symbol of purity. It stands for the ideal virtue which should be exercised under certain circumstances and conditions. In a statesman it would stand for a pure and incorrupt citizenship; in a judge it would stand for integrity; in a business man it would stand for honesty; in view of sickness it would stand for humility, and in relation to the poor it stands for charity. In fact, it stands for everything that is godly.

The red stands for love. This color receives its symbolism from the blood, and reminds us that every true patriot should be willing to die for the love of country; to shed his blood, if necessary, in the hour of the Nation's peril. But more particularly does the red symbolize that divine love

which should dwell in every breast and be the ruling passion in every soul.

The stars upon the azure are symbols of light and heavenly protection. They teach us that every state should be a symbol of light, of righteousness, of truth. They remind us, also, that Heaven is above us, underneath, and around us, and that in the darkest hour of the Nation's peril God's eye is upon us.

All hail, Old Glory, flag of the brave and the free! All hail, thou glorious banner, God bless thee and help thee!—A. S. Gumbart, D. D.

The Hope of the Republic: Law, learning, charity are insufficient to save our Nation from vice, ignorance, and infidelity. All have been tried and found wanting. But add to them the practical morality of Christianity, and a pure and honorable citizenship is assured beyond all fear. It is hard to convince the people of this tremendous fact, sustained by all history, ancient and modern, Jewish and pagan. I believe in churches, colleges, and houses of mercy, and support them all; but my hope is in a citizenship born of Christian faith and practice. Give us these and the Republic will live forever. We are in danger of forgetting the sad fact in history that the fate of republics is empire. Can we reverse the edicts of history? I believe we can, by the application of Christianity to American citizenship.—Bishop Newman.

For good Flag Raising Day poems see "The Color Guard," by Charles W. Harwood, "Our Colors," by Laura E. Richards, "Hats off! The Flag Goes By," by H. H. Bennett, "Cross and Flag," by Frederick L. Hosmer, "E Pluribus Unum," by G. W. Cutter, "Flag and Cross," by Alfred J. Hough, "The Flag of Our Union Forever," by George P. Morris, "Our Country's Starry Flag," by Margaret E. Sangster, "Salute the Flag," by H. C. Bunner, "Flag Song," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, "The Flag of Stars," by Grace Ellery Channing, "The Flag," by Bishop H. C. Potter, "The American Flag," by Joseph Rodman Drake, "The Tattered Flag," by James Buckham, "The Stars and Stripes," by Kate Sumner Burr, "The Star Spangled Banner," by Frances Scott Key, "Union and Liberty," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

COMMENCEMENT TIME.

The hope of the world is always fixed upon the rising generation. It is no wonder, then, that the week that witnesses the graduation of so many young people from the thousands of schools and colleges in our country should be one of great importance in the minds of parents and teachers and all lovers of the young.

There is no universal time set for Commencement Day, but it is undoubtedly true that the larger number of commencements are held the third week in June. On the Sunday previous many ministers preach on topics appropriate to the time, and many during the week are called upon to be Commencement Day speakers.

Continued on Page 559.

CURRENT ANECDOTES

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Every Subscriber an Associate Editor.

During June I would be pleased to receive opinions as to what is the most and which the least valuable department in *Current Anecdotes*. What one contribution pleased you most?

Name some contributor you would like to see added to the illustrative department; one you would like to see added to the sermon department.

What do you think of the *Methods* department?

Under *Present Day Problems* would you like to see discussions on higher criticism continued?

Would you follow a splendid course of lessons on *The Kingdom of Heaven Today*, by a deep, clear thinker? It will mean something more than reading—plenty of hard study.

Would you like more illustrations from the classics?

What do you think of *Windows for Sermons* and *Stories of Hymns*?

We have in mind a number of improvements. We will prepare some rare illustrative matter during the summer.

Fair Warning Concerning the Biblical Encyclopedia.

There remain only 302 sets of this work. My two leading agents will require each 100 sets, leaving only 102 sets for *Current Anecdotes* readers.

If you have any thought of ever buying this work, do it now. It is doubtful if another edition will be published from these plates, and that means that the work from new plates will cost you a great deal more. You will get more practical information out of this work than you will from works costing twice as much. Fair Warning! Going! See page 519.

DO YOU KNOW FROM 50 TO 100 PREACHERS?

If you do it costs those who subscribe for *Current Anecdotes* nothing extra to vote for you to go to Palestine at our expense. See pages 566-7.

Bible Burning in Brazil.

Mr. Tucker writes from Brazil as follows: One Sunday morning, February, 1903, there appeared in one of the Rio de Janeiro daily papers the following telegram:

"Auto Da Fe.

"Recife, 21.—Tomorrow the Capuchin friar, Celestino, will burn in the Penha Square two hundred Bibles of the Evangelical Sect, having previously invited the people to be present at the Auto Da Fe."

The next day there appeared in the same paper, *Jornal do Brazil*, the following telegram:

"Pernambuco.—Auto Da Fe.

"Recife, 22.—As was announced, there was held today in the Penha Square the Auto Da Fe, being cast into the bonfire two hundred Bibles of the Evangelical Sect."

The people quietly witnessed the act, hearing with attention the sermon of the friar, Celestino, the promoter of the ceremony.

The day chosen for this act was the Sunday preceding Carnival, a day of great merriment and most extravagant dissipation of the Roman Catholics in this country; it is the time of preparation for the forty days of fasting.

I have learned from other sources that the event took place just about as indicated by the telegram. The colporteurs, a Baptist missionary and others, have been quite active in the circulation of the Scriptures in Pernambuco for some time. The friar was assiduously collecting, by various means from the people, these volumes that he burned. There has been much religious agitation in the city for some time. We shall expect to hear of a greatly increased interest in Bible reading in that city ere long. It will be remembered that Recife is the capital of the State, and is commonly known as the city of Pernambuco. —Bible Society Record.

A Bible for Reading.

The Bible is the preachers' tool-box, his work-shop. When he has worked hard at it all day he should take his recreation from it, his meditations should have fellowship with it. The French translator Lassiere, asked how far we would walk in the park, if we had to jump a ditch every fifteen feet. He wondered that we read the Bible at all, so forbidding was the style of printing. Would not a little handy volume, clear print, modern page, connected verse Bible be a source of pleasure to you? This and more is the Temple Bible published by Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. See page 561.

Our Advertising Pages.

Some preachers' magazines discourage advertisements of other publishers. As no publisher can publish all the best or most practical of books this is unfair to the reader. *Current Anecdotes* welcomes other publishers to its columns. We have a number in this issue and you will do well to look at the announcement of Vincent's Ward Studies by Chas. Scribner's Sons on the back cover; also that timely announcement of wedding certificate booklets on page 514, inside front cover.

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

LIFE AND INFLUENCE OF JESUS CHRIST.—Augustus Nash.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

Mark 6:30-44.

I. How did it happen that the multitude found Jesus and His apostles in this retired spot?

II. What were the feelings of Jesus when He saw this immense crowd?

III. How did He spend the larger part of the day with them?

IV. Who was the first to recognize the physical needs of the people?

V. What suggested the thought to Him of feeding them in this way?

VI. How did the apostles receive His intimation that they were to feed the multitude?

VII. Why did He begin their meal by asking God's blessing?

VIII. In what manner were the loaves multiplied?

IX. Why did Jesus command them to gather up the fragments that remained?

X. As the apostles looked back upon this miracle what must have been its great teaching to them?

XI. What other practical directions and encouragement do you think they gathered from it?

THE STORM AT SEA.

Matt. 14:22-33.

I. Why did He send the disciples away and remain Himself to dismiss the multitude? John 6:15.

II. What impression had the feeding of the multitude made upon the minds of His disciples? Mark 6:52.

III. What is there to show that Jesus was deeply moved in His own mind after the scenes of the day?

IV. What were probably some of the things that engaged Him in prayer that night?

V. How does John graphically describe the experiences of the disciples in their attempt to recross the lake? John 6:17.

VI. Had Jesus become so absorbed in His own struggle that He had forgotten them?

VII. What decided Jesus to come to them on the water?

VIII. Why was His assurance, "It is I," calculated to relieve all their misgivings and fears?

IX. When He had come to their relief why should He apparently seek to avoid them?

X. Was Peter to be commended or condemned for wishing to go to Him on the water?

XI. What was the secret of Peter's partial success and utter failure?

XII. What does John mean by saying that as soon as they welcomed Him at the boat that immediately they were at the land?

XIII. What impression did these things make upon those in the boat?

XIV. What lessons and encouragement must the disciples have drawn from these experiences in after years?

DESPAIRING OF NO MAN.

Mark 5:1-21.

I. What is there to indicate that the writer intended we should connect this miracle with that of the Stilling of the Tempest just related?

II. What reason is there for believing that those thus affected were not among the most wicked and abandoned?

III. What would probably be a fair statement of this man's past and present moral or spiritual state?

IV. What sort of men today find hope in the story of his deliverance?

V. What attracted him to Jesus?

VI. What conclusions are we to draw from his incoherent words and actions?

VII. What means did Jesus use to give him relief?

VIII. Why do we have this story about the swine?

IX. What evidence did the people of the city see of the change that had taken place in the man?

X. What were the reasons that probably influenced them in their request for Jesus to leave their coasts?

XI. Why did Jesus so readily accede to their wishes?

XII. What prompted the man to ask Jesus that he might be permitted to accompany Him?

XIII. In His refusal what do we learn of the policy of Jesus?

XIV. Can there be any question of the presence of evil in the world today working destruction in the lives of men?

XV. How may we from this lesson reasonably expect the help of Jesus Christ in this conflict?

JESUS VINDICATING HIMSELF.

John 5:18-47.

I. What was the occasion for Jesus thus defending Himself?

II. Did the Jews put an unreasonable construction upon His language describing His relation to God?

III. What was the first article of His defense?

IV. What two things does he claim as His right which are essentially the work of God?

V. What was the end and purpose of all this?

VI. In what way does He say that He will now manifest His power to give life?

VII. In what way does He declare He will yet show His authority to execute judgment?

VIII. To what does He devote the second part of His discourse?

IX. What does He have to say about the testimony of John the Baptist?

X. What further testimony does He mention as being even more valuable than that of John?

XI. How shall we explain His reference to the testimony of God?

XII. How does He introduce Moses into the question?

XIII. What was His explanation of why they had failed to recognize His claims?

A Swarm of Bees Worth Hiving—A Sermon for Children.

By C. A. G. THOMAN.

Sometime ago while spending a few days in the country I saw a little boy running to his father, and talking very excitedly. Upon inquiry I found there was a swarm of bees out, and he was anxious for his father to hive them. Whenever a swarm of bees is found on some tree or house gable, there is some good farmer ready to gather them into a hive. Busy bees are always worth hiving. This afternoon I have a small hive of bees which I desire each boy and girl to gather into a hive. These bees will not sting you, but will sweeten and bless your life.



The first be(e) for us to gather is Be Thankful, Col. 3:15. Thankfulness should be the first thought gathered in the heart every morning. Gratitude is a grace which blesses the whole life. A deaf mute once wrote: "Gratitude is the memory of the heart." The heart should never lose the spirit of thankfulness. It is an angel of God sent to minister unto us in the darkest trials, as well as in the brightest hours. A little girl whose father had just died was praying at her mother's knee for the first time after his death. When she reached the point where she was used to saying, "God bless my mother, and—" Here she stopped, unclasped her hands and in bitter agony said, "I can't pray for papa any more." After a few moments of silent suffering she said with much tenderness, "Oh mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me thank God that I had such a father once." This is a noble example for everyone. Let the spirit of thanksgiving ever fill the heart. There's always something to be thankful for. Every minute of the day, and every day through the year we have "All the paths of the Lord" which are "mercy and truth." Every judgment of the Lord is good, and every affliction under His hand a blessing, so that we can rise at midnight and thank Him, or amidst the greatest trial praise Him.

The second be(e) to take is Be Cheerful, Prov. 15:13. The Lord gave this as the last call in His farewell sermon to His disciples. "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. Amid contrary winds and counter currents keep up a good heart. Don't get discouraged in the conflicts of life. The world has troubles of its own without hearing yours. Don't sadden the world with

your moans and groans. An old woman who had lost her sight said to some complaining children, "Oh, this is a pretty world." It is so true. God's own piercing eye saw everything that it was good. In the magnificent board-room of the Carnegie Company there is a picture of the "Laughing Monk." When Mr. Schwab became President in 1896 he entered his second meeting and opened it with these words:

"I have noticed with much pain," said he, "that as soon as you gentlemen sit down here you seem to forget all the cheerfulness that lurks in life. Your countenances become solemn and your eyes grow serious. To one who did not know what you are capable of socially, it would appear that you had come to attend a funeral service rather than a business meeting where the proceedings deal with living issues and not with dead ones. This to my mind, is distinctly detrimental to the best interests of the Carnegie Company. It is my belief that more business, and business of a better quality, can be transacted with a smile than with a frown. I therefore suggest that hereafter at these meetings we all try to look pleasant, and that we may have before us a proper example, I propose, with your permission, to hang in this room a picture presented to me by Mr. Carnegie. This is the picture.

The door opened and the picture was brought in, everybody laughed as they saw the fat jolly Monk. Mr. Schwab said that when he made some experiments for the Carnegie Company he spent all the allowance and had a large deficit. Mr. Carnegie was very mad and scolded him severely. He did not quarrel back, he did not scold again, only laughed amid his misfortune. It was the key note to the success of the man who gets a billion dollar salary. The man who can laugh amid misfortunes has a great element of power which will lead to true success.

The third be(e) to catch is Be Kind. "Be kind one to another" wrote the greatest man of the Christian era. A friend once wrote, "I expect to pass through this world but once; therefore there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again." We have only one life to live, why not make it radiant with kindness? It doesn't cost anything to be kind. It costs money to build ships and railroads, to buy food and clothing, but it won't cost you children a penny to "be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love." Abraham Lincoln was passing along the street to a court house when he saw two young birds on the ground, he picked them up and put them in their nests. His companions laughed at him. He replied: "Gentlemen, I could not have slept if I had not helped these poor unfortunate ones." His kindness made him famous. Their ridicule of it could not bring them from obscurity. Kindness is a great power in life. It is the fruit of greatness. Be kind to the birds and all dumb animals. The boy cruel to a dog will be cruel to other animals. Be

Continued on page 562.

UNUSUAL.

"Are you paid anything for swearing?" Eli Perkins once asked a commercial traveler.

"No, I do it for nothing."

"Well," said the lecturer, "you work cheap. You lay aside your character as a gentleman, inflict pain on your friends, break a commandment, and lose your own soul—and for nothing! You do certainly work cheap, very cheap!"—American Friend.

Mother: "You naughty boy, you've been fighting"

Little son: "No, mother."

Mother: "How did your clothes get torn and your face get scratched?"

Little son: "I was trying to keep a bad boy from hurting a good little boy."

Mother: "That was noble. Who was the good little boy?"

Little son: "Me."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

A minister about to leave home for a few days was bidding good-by to his family. When he came to Bobby he took the little fellow in his arms, and said: "Well, young man, I want you to be a good boy and be sure to take good care of mamma." Bobby promised, and the father departed. When night came, and he was called to say his prayers, he spoke thus: "O Lord, please protect papa, and brother Dick and sister Alice, and Aunt Mary, and all the little Jones boys, and Bobby. I'll take care of mamma."

Elizabeth, a little Boston girl, is seven this summer. Quite an old girl now is Elizabeth. "You do not mind me as well as you did when you were two years old," observed her grandmother. "You see, I didn't know anything then, and so of course I always did just what anybody told me to," replied Elizabeth.—Buffalo Commercial.

"O mamma, see this little red bird I shot for you!"

"Why, Harry how could you be so cruel as to shoot a poor little bird? I could cry!"

"Don't cry, mamma, I got it cause papa sat on your bonnet in church yesterday and smashed the bird on it, and you can have this bird stuffed in place of it."

"O, Harry, how kind and thoughtful of you. Come and kiss your mother!"—Eli Perkins.

"Mamma," said a small girl, "mummy, dear, I do wish I could give some money for poor children's dinners."

"So you may, darling."

"But mamma, I haven't any money."

"Well, darling, if you like to go without sugar, I will give you the money instead, and then you will have some."

The small child considered solemnly for a moment, and then said:

"Must it be sugar?"

"Why, no, darling, I don't much mind.

What would you like to do without?"

"How would soap do, then?" exclaimed the small maid in triumph.—Christian Guide.

The minister was riding home with the farmer to Sunday dinner, and as they were passing over a bridge, the farmer asked the minister if he liked chicken. The minister grinned so broadly that his false teeth fell out and over the side of the bridge into the water. They appealed to some bad little boys who were in swimming around the bend, to dive for the teeth, but the water was so deep they couldn't find them.

The preacher lamented that he not only could not eat his chicken dinner, but that he would be unable to preach that night. The farmer was a devout man, who would not that anyone be deprived of the sermon, therefore he told the preacher to hold the horses and ran on to his home, took a leg from the chicken in the pot, tied it on a fish line, ran back to the stream, threw it in, pulled up, and found the teeth so firmly set on the chicken leg that they had to be released with a cold chisel.

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QUOTABLE POETRY.

A MILE WITH ME.

By Henry VanDyke, in the Outlook.

O who will walk a mile with me
 Along life's merry way?
 A comrade blithe and full of glee,
 Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
 And let his frolic fancy play,
 Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
 That fill the field and fringe the way
 Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
 Along life's weary way?
 A friend whose heart has eyes to see
 The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
 And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
 A friend who knows, and dares to say,
 The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
 Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
 I fain would walk till journeys end,
 Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
 And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

Philosophy may boast of many a mind
 Worthy the admiration of mankind;
 A mind well-stored with reasons and with
 laws,
 To show the why, the wherefore, or the
 cause;
 But in the highest realm of human thought,
 The wise philosopher is wise for naught;
 The child, in worship at his mother's knee,
 May know and love a God as well as he.
 —Charles M. Sheldon.

"Did you ever speak a piece and find
 That all the poem words
 Had flown away out your mind
 Like little frightened birds?"

The people were so very near,
 Their eyes so big and round,
 Your voice came out so high and queer,
 With such a funny sound.

The platform was so long and wide,
 You felt so very small,
 You had to run away and hide,
 And spoke no piece at all."
 —Abbie Farwell Brown.

THOSE WE LOVE THE BEST.

They say the world is round, and yet
 I often think it square,
 So many little hurts we get
 From the corners here and there.
 But one sad truth in life I've found
 While journeying to the west:
 The only folks who really wound
 Are those we love the best.

The choicest garb and sweetest grace
 Are oft to strangers shown;
 The careless mien, the frowning face,
 Are given to our own.
 We flatter those we scarcely know,
 We please the fleeting guest,

And deal full many a thoughtless blow
 To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree
 Nor true hearts yearly bloom.
 Alas, for those who only see
 This truth across the tomb.
 But soon or late the fact grows plain
 To all through sorrow's test—
 The only ones who give us pain
 Are those we love the best.
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SOMEONE LOVES THE BABY.

O somebody kissed the baby,
 And somebody loves him, too;
 And somebody always watches,
 To see what he will do.

He unwinds the spools of cotton
 With a very serious air;
 And washes the face of the dolly,
 And tangles its yellow hair.

And then he preaches sermons—
 And that's the funniest thing—
 With the kittens for congregation;
 But the kittens will not sing.

And then he tries to teach them,
 With a face so grave and stern;
 And the kittens are attentive,
 Yet they never seem to learn.

Baby never reads his Bible,
 And he never says his prayers;
 But he listens every evening
 To the children saying theirs.

But if you try to teach him,
 Such a chatter he will keep
 That you never can go farther
 Than "I lay me down to sleep."

When at last you get him quiet
 He's forgotten all you've said;
 Mouth and eyes are shut together
 In his sleepy little head.

Three long years we've loved and taught
 him,
 Just as well as we could do;
 We are not to blame, if loving
 Is the only thing he knew.

We are trying still to teach him
 All his little brain will hold;
 Yet he is still but a baby,
 For he's only three years old.

Lay him down—you see, he's going
 To the pleasant Land of Nod;
 Ah! there's some One loves the baby,
 And I think it must be God.

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When the Devil Forecloses His Mortgage.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

"And when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose and gat him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself, and died."—II Samuel XVII, 23.

If you were to put the duties of Secretary of State, Attorney General, and Private Secretary all into one man, you would have something like the relation which Ahithophel had sustained to David. He was David's chief adviser. The king had the most absolute and unreserved confidence in him. The secret plans and purposes of the government were all talked over with this man, and he was like the king's other self. It was a great blow to David when he went over to Absalom's conspiracy.

We do not know exactly what Ahithophel's reasons were for betraying David. David had been good to him, and he had reached the highest position that any man could reach under the king. But he was a cunning, shrewd man, and it is quite likely that he may have hoped to manage Absalom so as to have the real power of the kingdom in his own hands. No man could do that with David. No matter who was chief counsellor, David was always the real king himself. As an act of treachery, Ahithophel's conduct was of the basest sort, and when he made up his mind to cast in his lot with Absalom he mortgaged his soul to the devil. He knew he was doing wrong. He was no fool. He was a wise man, but his wise head was led into the greatest folly by his greedy, ambitious heart. The most cunning mind often comes to disaster through a bad heart. Ahithophel knowingly betrayed his manhood, and sinned against his God, and took the devil's bribe when he turned against David and became the chief counsellor of Absalom. The devil promised him a long lease of power. No doubt Absalom assured him that his place under the new government should be far more enjoyable than under the old. But Absalom was a tricky fellow. He was a vain, proud young man. His vanity was of the lightest kind. He used to have his curls weighed every year, and every belle in the town, and every young dude about the court could tell you just how many ounces Absalom's curls weighed. Joined with his vanity was his desire to get on by cunning. Anything he had to do, whether it was good or bad, he always sought to succeed by some underhanded way. He never came out in the open and dealt straight blows. Absalom was a great fellow to smile. He had an oily, unctuous smile, the smile of a born politician, but no man ever could tell whether there was a feast or a dagger back of that smile. Sometimes there was both.

Now Ahithophel knew Absalom perfectly. He had known him all his life. He knew all his escapades, and his follies. He knew the deceitful character of the young fellow, and he should have had more sense than to have believed him, and he did have more sense, but the trouble was he was ambitious and false

in his own nature, and the devil persuaded him to believe that he was so much shrewder than Absalom that he would be able to control him, and use him as a mere puppet to further his own interests. For a while everything went all right. Absalom did exactly as Ahithophel said, but the giddy young adventurer soon tired of this, and called in another man to criticise Ahithophel's counsel, and to make it worse Absalom determined to follow the counsel of Hushai. Now Ahithophel, although he did not know that Hushai was David's spy in Absalom's camp, saw at once that his counsel meant ruin to Absalom, and that this young pretender was on the eve of great disaster that would put an end to the rebellion, and bring King David back again into undisputed reign. What that would mean for him Ahithophel could easily see; even though David's kindly heart might be willing to forgive him, no king could overlook the base treason of which he had been guilty, and his shameful death would be certain to follow the return of David to the throne. Poor Ahithophel! The iron sank deep into his heart. He had mortgaged his honor, his manhood, his good name, good conscience to the devil, and he saw now that the devil was about to foreclose the mortgage, and he was without hope. He saddled his ass and rode rapidly home. He attended to such matters as he could, got him a rope, tied one end over a beam in his house, slipped a noose over his head, and hanged himself. And there they found him dead. Ahithophel bargained for that rope the day he gave the devil a mortgage on himself by sinning against God through his treachery to David.

My theme is apparent. Whenever a man begins a course of sin, he mortgages himself to the devil. The mortgage may run a good while. A man may be permitted to pay an enormous amount of interest in anxiety, and pain, and disease, and shame, and remorse, while he staves off the fatal day, but some day the mortgage will be foreclosed, unless through the infinite grace of God, in Jesus Christ, the mortgage may be paid off, and the debtor be redeemed from the clutches of his cruel and merciless creditor.

The devil has not lost his cunning in drawing men into his clutches, and obtaining a lien upon their souls. We have recently had under discussion in the public press of the country the story of a man of our own State. Some years ago he was a young man in one of our foremost colleges. He was a bright, keen-brained, and clean-hearted, strong, young fellow. He was greatly admired and honored by his classmates, by his teachers, and by all who knew him. He entered upon professional life under circumstances which gave the most brilliant promise of a happy and honorable career. He was married to a young woman, of good mind, beautiful character, and large wealth. Surely, the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places. He had ambitious tastes; he wanted a good deal of money to spend,

and seemed to dislike working overly hard in order to obtain it. He began to mortgage his soul to the devil to get money in illegitimate ways, all unsuspected by the social circle in which he moved. Being false in one way it became easy to be false in another. He became unfaithful to his wife; betrayed the sacred bond of friendship, and won the affections of the wife of his neighbor. The months passed, all the while Satan was drawing the cords tighter and tighter about him. Instead of the pleasure that had been promised, the poor victim began to pay a high rate of interest in worry, and foreboding, and anxiety. He began to drink deeply, and then there was a day when the man whose friendship he had betrayed was found murdered; a few anxious and terrible days passed, and the other man, with the wife whose life he had darkened by his sins, plunged to a mysterious death. Then hidden secrets began to flash out like electric lights in the darkness, and all the story of his traffic with Satan began to unfold and cover his name with ignominy and shame. Now, the message that I bring to you is that this man bargained for that wild plunge into the darkness, and for this hell of crime and ignominy when he first began to get money by foul means, and when he first began to sin against the laws of love and purity. Satan does not always foreclose his mortgage in such a glare of publicity, but he never fails to foreclose, and collect his judgment.

One is embarrassed with the abundance of illustrations out of every day's life about us. The terrible craze for gambling in our modern social life is casting up illustrations as the sea after a storm flings wreckage on the shore. Whenever a man begins to gamble, he gives the devil a mortgage on his soul, and bids farewell to any real peace. There is no more harassing life than the life of a man who has been drawn into that whirlpool of the gambler. Forgery, larceny, embezzlement, and even murder lie along that path, and crimes every day are committed in this city by fooled, cheated, and baffled men who have signed the devil's mortgage at the gaming table. One of the most shameful things in all our modern life is that respectable, educated, cultured women of wealth and refinement are in many cases lending the fascination of their personal influence and example to this dangerous and devilish folly.

A prominent newspaperman has told within the last few days a story of a young man who recently lost four thousand, five hundred dollars at the home of a wealthy woman in high social circles. Having been invited to dinner, he was almost forced to play bridge, and as most of the players were very rich people, the play soon ran up into the thousands. By midnight, he had lost four thousand five hundred dollars. Such a sum meant nothing to the hostess, but a great deal to him. He is a rising young business man, whose income is about eight thousand dollars a year, and he spends the whole of that in order to keep up a good appearance, and mingle with the rich. He did not have more than one hundred dollars in his pocket, and of course he could not pay his debt, although

there is an unwritten law that card debts should be settled before one leaves the house. He explained the situation to his hostess, and said he would send the money by check the next day. He really meant to send the money, but he did not have it in the bank, and to his sorrow he found it impossible to borrow the money. Consequently, weeks went by without his paying the debt; the news that he was a defaulter in gaming debts became known to all his club and business friends, with some of whom he had important negotiations on hand. The consequence is that he is now well on the road to business ruin, not to speak of the large sum of money which he owes. Now that man has not yet had the mortgage foreclosed, but you can imagine the rate of interest he is paying in anxiety, and worry, and foreboding. Some day the mortgage will be foreclosed, a defaulter's cell, or a bullet hole in his skull, or a plunge in the river—in some such horrible way Satan will set his seal on that closed transaction.

The trouble with all significant and striking warnings in the disaster that comes on sin is that we are likely to thrust them aside as not specially parallel with our own case. Our study tonight will be a failure unless we shall get it ground into our very souls that in all these cases there is no peculiarity, there is no exaggeration, there is nothing out of the ordinary that has occurred. Whenever a man chooses to do the wrong instead of the right; when a man breaks God's law and accepts the devil's lie as a counsel for his conduct instead of the Divine guidance, he has mortgaged himself to the devil as surely as did Ahiathophel, and if things take their natural course, and nothing interferes to take him out of that clutch, it will go on to foreclosure and ruin in this world and in eternity. If there is anyone here tonight listening to this sermon who has mortgaged himself to Satan, and is living tonight in sin, and who will go to bed with a guilty conscience, I want to press it home upon your soul that the devil is your creditor, and through your sin he holds a mortgage on you, and that he is not going to throw up that mortgage. He has promised you a great deal of happiness and pleasure, at a very light expense, but every month he will raise the interest on you. There never was such a usurer as he. Some pawnbrokers have been terribly bloodthirsty, but there never was one yet that could grind out such agony as the fiend who holds souls in pawn. Oh, man! Oh, woman! do not, I beg you, count it a small thing that the evil one has a mortgage on your soul through a wicked habit, an evil passion, or a sin of any kind. I care not how carefully it may be hidden! Some day he will foreclose that mortgage, and bring your soul into court, in the blazing light of the great white throne of judgment.

But if I had no more to say, I should not have said this. It was because Satan had a sinning world in such a state as this that Jesus Christ left the glory which he had with the angels before the world was, and came to die on the cross, the just for the unjust, that through his sacrifice we might be ransomed and redeemed from the merciless clutches of our cruel creditor.

And I want to emphasize the fact that Jesus is the only Saviour to whom we may turn. There is salvation in no one else.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has just come to Dr. Joseph Parker's City Temple in London, in a remarkable sermon on "God's Remedy for Sin," recently delivered, called attention to one of George Eliot's characters as illustrating the fact that George Eliot in none of her novels ever set forth any hope of forgiveness. She never seemed to give a gleam or a glimmer of hope. Take her Hetty Sorrel, in "Adam Bede." Poor Hetty was more a fool than a sinner—a sinner because a fool. George Eliot trampled upon her, crushed her, broke her; from the first page to the last, you do not see that there is the slightest offer of relief, not a word for poor Hetty. Now, who was Hetty? It is generally understood that it was George Eliot herself, and her verdict upon her own sins is written large in her books. She did not believe in the new opportunity, or the higher life. She believed that you must take your punishment, and, once you have taken it, be condemned to the lower plane forever. She makes one of her characters say, in words that are a wail, "It was not worth doing wrong for—nothing ever is in this world."

Here, then, is the demand of the sinful heart and conscience. And here is where the glorious hope of the Gospel of Jesus Christ comes to our relief. Here is where the infinite tenderness of Christ comes in, and Jesus comes offering to take our sins upon himself. He will bear them in his own body. He will be smitten for us. If I owe a man a mortgage nothing can save me from it if I am not able to pay it myself, but that some friend shall come and pay it all, principal and interest, and have it cancelled. That is our case. We have sinned against God. We have broken the Divine laws; the devil has a mortgage on us; evil habits hold us like chains; guilt fastens on the conscience like a disease; the will-power becomes paralyzed so that when we would do good, evil is present with us. It is in such a case, that Jesus Christ comes saying to us, I will take your place; I have paid your debt in crimson drops of my own blood; I have redeemed you. I will break the bondage of this wicked habit; I will cleanse your soul of this foul disease; I will send you forth a free man; a free woman, to the love of good things, and the joyous doing of your duty to God and your fellows. This is God's remedy for sin, and it is the only remedy that has ever yet given peace to a guilty soul.

HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT—Continued from page 551.

Education: "And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," Acts 7: 22.

Moses was one of the most learned men of his time. His education embraced the whole range of Greek, Chaldee, Assyrian and Egyptian literature. There is much in his experience to commend the subject of education to all classes. In his training we see—

I. God's testimony in favor of education. 1. By God's providence Moses was placed where he could enjoy all the advantages of a good secular education. His will is also seen— 2. In the schools of the prophets. 3. In the teaching of the Bible—see especially the book of Proverbs. 4. In the capacity and cravings of the human mind. The education of the mind, then, is a sacred duty.

II. The great value of education. 1. Think on the cost of Moses' education—the sufferings of the Israelites, and the dangers of a heathen court. 2. Think on the increased power it gave to him. By education, mental diamonds are polished, and nuggets of gold are converted into current coin.

III. Secular education is not in itself sufficient. We have a two-fold nature—mental and moral. Educate both. Moses received a religious training, from his mother first, and afterwards from God in the desert.

IV. Eminence in secular education may be combined with eminence in religious education. Moses was distinguished for both, also Paul and Milton. Intelligent piety is the best piety. 1. The Christian church should seek the education of the masses. 2. All educated minds should be consecrated to Christ.—Author Unknown.

Character and Life: The golden age of Paganism is past; that of Christianity is in the future. Perfect manhood is already a fact. The ideal man is not in the future. The Lord Jesus Christ is the perfect ideal.

How are we to adjust ourselves to the world? How make life a success? To live is a more serious thing than to die. Purity and nobleness of character are more than genius or scholarship. Character is generative. Its issues are streams, of which men taste.

Subjugation to the will of Christ is the secret of success and permanence.

Service, as well as subjugation, is needed. Character must show its active side by service.

Nothing is lost. Patient waiting, cheerful sacrifices, still-born plans and baffled hopes, are all remembered. God gathers up and will fulfill in His best way. Life is what character has made it.

Turn your eye to Christ, and, in His light, discover the lines of your destiny. He came to minister and not to be ministered to; to give, rather than to receive. Let the glory of the cross shine full and clear before your eye, and nothing remains between you and heaven.—Author Unknown.

Baccalaureate Sermon: "Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ." Phil. 3: 14.

Many are the pertinent but somewhat hackneyed statements concerning man's greatness; but in no respect does he represent a more startling front than in the measure of his accumulated and accumulating energy. The tendency of that energy follows in line with its manifestations in nature. In the dynamics of nature, we learn that it is not

the twentieth blow of the hammer that breaks the rock, but the twenty blows. It was not some mighty thunder-bolt that fashioned a natural bridge, or plowed the deep canon of Colorado; but the slow and continuous wearing of the rocky bed by the streamlet below. It was not the tornado or the cyclone at sea, more dreadful than that of which mariner ever told, that shattered to pieces the rock-ribbed coast, and broke down her granite walls. It was the persistent wavelet, with incessant caress that brought the change, during centuries ago. So it is with man. However great or however little he may seem in the measure of his power; he may grow great, almost infinite, in the measure of his cumulative energy.

In man, taken singly, there are faculties and powers that make him immortal and infinite.

You now enter the world in the midst of great stir, excitement and commotion. Everything, both in the church and the world, is moving on with accelerated speed. Fortunes are made and spent in a day. Men are rushing to and fro in search of pleasure, honor, fame, and wealth, with a spirit of recklessness that is alarming. The age is one of unrest, insubordination and criticism. Principles that were supposed to be finely established are not only called in question, but are denounced by some in unmeasured terms. There is a sort of mania today to find fault with established belief; and some ignorant, short-sighted mortal, all unarmed himself, thinks himself a hero if he find a flaw in the armor of another.

Thus it becomes very necessary for you to have some infallible guide to take you by your hand and lead you step by step in the ways of temperance, sobriety, moderation, morality, and Christianity.

There have been men eminent for scholarship, well versed in the arts and sciences, and distinguished with the highest literary honors, who have been destitute of wisdom, and have been worse than failures in life; showing that physical training and mind culture do not necessarily lead to moral excellence or nobility of character.

Longfellow's *Excelsior* is a beautiful embodiment of the text. Regardless of all things that would turn him aside, animated by his sublime aims, intent on success, he only grasps his mysterious banner more firmly, and bounds with swifter steps along the dangerous steep.

The Christian conception of the soul rises on eagle's flight higher still, and makes the redeemed man a child of God, bearing His image mental and moral—with eternity before him, and with such possibilities of development in his nature as shall make that eternity fruitful of bliss and glory indescribable. Thrice happy then is the man who diligently presses "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ."

This is true of the development of every faculty of the mind, and of every branch of thought and learning. How great and abundant are the reasons to press toward the goal of the text, to obtain wisdom that life may be a happy success, death a glorious victory, and heaven an eternal joy.—Author Unknown.

Make the Most of Youth: Youth is such a receptive period, and its possibilities of acquiring force for after years is so great, that every young person ought to make the very most of its strong vital days. Richard Henry Stoddard sings our message:

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air;
But it never comes again.

—Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

Enterprise: Youth ought to be full of enterprise and courage. Nothing is more pitiable than to see a young man or a young woman without high ideals and noble ambitions. Emerson extols the beauty of this daring in young manhood:

On prince or bride no diamond stone
Half so gracious ever shown
As the light of enterprise
Beaming from a young man's eyes.

—Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

Perseverance and Cheerfulness: "The snake-bird is an interesting inhabitant of the cypress swamps of the south. It is very watchful and cautious, and when at rest—which the bird never is except on the branch of a tree that overhangs the water—it always stands erect, with wings spread out, and jerks its long neck nervously backward and forward, while its keen, bright eyes glance in every direction, ready to detect the slightest sign of danger. Alarmed, down the bird will drop into the water so noiselessly and deftly that no splash succeeds the plunge, and scarcely a ripple marks the spot of its disappearance. For a minute the bird is gone, and then its head will be seen coming slowly and warily out of the water, scarcely a span away from the spot where it went down. If the glance it casts around in its quick way satisfies it that the danger is past, its long neck appears upon the water and the bird swims toward the shore. The movements of the slender neck in the water as the bird swims, no other part of its body being visible, so closely resembling the action of a snake swimming that a stranger to the cypress swamps would surely fancy that it was indeed a snake making for a landing. This is why this curious denizen of the cypress solitudes is called the snake-bird. If one of these birds have been shot at and wounded as it sits upon the bough, it will make its noiseless dive into the pool, and, altho the wound may not have been in itself fatal, the bird will never voluntarily appear above the water again. It will go to the bottom and clutch the weeds there

with its bill and feet and deliberately drown itself. Some people are that way about the discouragements of life. When wounded or hurt, instead of rallying their courage again, and going forth to overcome difficulties, they give up in despair. Pluck and perseverance and good cheer are necessary to great achievements."

Standing on one's Merits: If a man wants to know his weaknesses as well as his strength, he needs to go where people do not know him, and where titles or money or past achievements do not prejudice his associates in his favor. The story is told of Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, that he once entered an East End church at night, and standing in a back pew joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workingman, who was singing lustily in tune. The archbishop sang lustily also, but not in tune. The workingman stood the discord as long as he could, and then, nudging the church dignitary, said in a whisper: "Here, dry up, mister; you are spoiling the show."—Anecdotes and Morals.

The Building of Character: To the geologist the east coast of Florida is one of the most interesting portions of the earth's surface. In the eyes of science it was but yesterday when the surf beat on what is now the western shore of the St. Johns river. To the eastward of this line the corals built a long bar; gradually this caught the earth washed from the shore, and on this plants grew and then trees. This made of the St. Johns a long salt water lagoon. As the coast widen-

ed, and the coral worked, the lagoon filled in and drainage from both sides made it fresh. So character is built up. For good or ill, our thoughts and meditations are constantly leaving their sediment in our heart, and as we meditate and muse in certain lines, a reef is thrown out that catches the wash of our thinking and doing, until after a while it becomes the bed-rock principle on which we think and act. To make sure of a good character one must be certain to keep guard over the thoughts.—Anecdotes and Morals.

Character Developed by Little Deeds: It takes a great quantity of fresh cut flowers to supply a great city like London. There is one firm in the Covent Garden Market which sells sometimes as high as \$150,000 worth of cut flowers a week. One of the interesting features of the supply of flowers for this great human center is that they come largely from abroad, and from small growers. Baskets of flowers leave the south of France in the evening, and are ready for all the early morning markets of England two days afterward. These flowers are grown largely by industrious French cottagers, each sending a few baskets from their little well worked garden plot. Human life is like that in many ways. It is the little things that make up the beauty and fragrance of a character. Christian manhood and womanhood grow by little restraints, little self-denials, deeds that seem insignificant, taken alone; but the aggregation is a character and a life fragrant with the whole variety of Christian graces.—Anecdotes and Morals.

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A Swarm of Bees Worth Hiving.

Continued from page 554.

kind to the aged. Old age is lonely, it shares little in common with the young, yet loves the children. Be kind to the old people, boys and girls. Let us who are children of a larger growth, be kind to the children, they live much to themselves. We have grown out of touch with them. Be kind to the little ones. Be kind to God's helpless little ones.

The fourth be(e) to hive is Be Strong. Some of our boys would like to be strong as mules. Some boys want to be like Samson, and the jawbone of an ass is their principal weapon. Bruté force never made a great man. The greatest man that ever lived—Jesus of Nazareth, never had a fight. He never struck a blow with his fist. He never blacked the eye of a playmate. He never knocked "the chip" off another boy's head. Paul never had a fist fight, nor a rock battle, yet he fought the greatest fight in all the world, the fight with himself. He beat his body black and blue. He fought "the good fight of faith." It does not require brute strength to become a great force among men. Seven times Joshua was commanded to be strong and of good courage. Manhood is the great need of this age. Be strong like Daniel and dare to be right and do right.

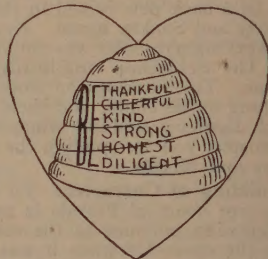
The fifth be(e) to catch is Be Honest. Paul exhorted men to "provide things honest in the sight of the Lord and men." Do your work honestly, never slight your lessons. I know boys and girls who would not steal a nickle or dime for any consideration, yet they steal minutes and hours, they steal the good name of others. They are not thorough in their studies or services. They are not providing things honest before men or God. A Greek sculptor in beautifying a temple was carefully painting the tops of lofty pillars. A visitor asked: "Why do you waste your skill where no eye can see the work; only the birds can reach to such a height." The sculptor looked at the stranger and said: "The gods will see it." God sees you boys. Perform every work, study every lesson honestly.

The last be(e) to take in is Be Diligent. "Be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace," said the spokesman of the Apostles. A little girl looking for eggs and finding none reported to her mother: "There are lots of hens standing around idle." You can find on our streets lots of men, boys and girls, standing or sitting around idle, nay, worse than idle, making work for tired wives and mothers. The diligent man shall stand before kings. He will accomplish the mission of his life. Richard Burke said, after Edmund's great speech, "While we were playing

he was at work." "The boy who spends his hours at play can never attain the highest success. Diligence will make your business sure as well as your religious experience.

We have some be(e)s which have been cast out. They are the "Use to Be(e)s." They use to be something and do something, but they have become drones and are fit only to be cast out. Some people use to be church goers, Psalm singers, time and talent givers, but now they do nothing and give nothing. To these "Use to be(e)s" Jesus may say "depart" as He did to the unprofitable servant. Let us all be busy bees, not "use to be(e)s."

Where shall we gather these be(e)s? In the hive of our hearts.



[Suiting actions to words I rub out all round the hive and draw the heart around it.]

And from this hive these little be(e)s will go into the garden of life and gather sweet honey to bless and sweeten the lives of others.

Epworth Memorial Church, Cleveland, Ward Beecher Pickard, D. D., pastor, as the birth-place of the Epworth League, has a wide reputation and will be the mecca of ever-increasing pilgrimages. That it has rounded its tenth year, a handsome structure, built by a congregation with no rich men in it, will interest many. The story of the struggles and its success is told in a well-done booklet of 61 pages, which may be had for 50 cents.

FAIR WARNING CONCERNING THE BIBLICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA.

There remain only 302 sets of this work. My two leading agents will require each 100 sets, leaving only 102 sets for Current Anecdotes readers.

If you have any thought of ever buying this work, do it now. It is doubtful if another edition will be published from these plates, and that means that the work from new plates will cost you a great deal more. You will get more practical information out of this work than you will from works costing twice as much. Fair Warning! Going! See page 519.

ENCLOSE A COUPON IN EVERY LETTER

and you may easily be one of three men the Current Anecdotes sends to Palestine on the 1904 Cook Cruise, at our expense. See pages 566-7.



PULPIT CHANGES.

BAPTIST.

Barbour, H. H., Columbus, O., resigned.
 Bennett, Geo. S., Rockport, Me., to Detroit, Mich.
 Boardman, Geo. Dana, Philadelphia, Pa., died.
 Buchholz, H. C., Baltimore, Md., to Abbeville, S. C.
 Carman, A. H., Ellendale, N. D., to Lebanon, Ore.
 Clevenger, Loren A., Minneapolis, Minn., to Boston, Mass.

Cloyd, L. L., Hastings, Neb., to Gillette, Wyo.
 Clyde, Alex., Point Pleasant to Owosso, Mich.
 Cornelius, Mrs. Maye, Sublette, Ill., resigned.
 Finch, A. J., Brookings, S. D., to Sioux Falls College.

Ford, David B., D. D., Hanover, Mass., died.
 Fulkrod, J. W., Sidney, Ia., to California.
 Gibson, G. T., Hollisterville to Aldenville, Pa.
 Kempton, Judson, Mt. Carroll, Ill., to Muscatine, Ia.
 Lee, John B., Cedar Rapids, Ia., died.
 Meads, J. L., Sparta to Ava, Ill.
 Mears, Lyman R., Niles to Jefferson, O.
 Miller, N. E., Ripley to Buffalo, N. Y.
 Morris, Robert, Vassalboro, Me., resigned.
 Oswald, William, Bridesburg, Pa., resigned.
 Partridge, W. G., Cincinnati, O., to Pittsburg, Pa.
 Plummer, Morton W., Boston to Natick, Mass.
 Riggs, Milford, Council Bluffs, Ia., to Lexington, Mo.

Rowlands, H. O., Lincoln, Neb., resigned.
 Sagebeer, Jos. E., Germantown, Pa., resigned.
 Salade, Jacob, New Castle to Philadelphia, Pa.
 Scholar, W. J., Westery, R. I., resigned.
 Stedman, W. H., Champaign, Ill., retired.
 Swarthout, Leon L., Himrod, N. Y., resigned.
 Waldo, Wm. A., Auburn Park, Ill., resigned.
 Youngblood, James T., Valdosta, Ga., died.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Binkhorst, Arle, Kalamazoo, resigned.
 Cowen, Frank B., Morrisville to Potsdam, N. Y.
 Davies, J. W., Malta, Ill., resigned.
 Harrah, C. C., Newton, Ia., died.
 Erffmeyer, H. E., Fond du Lac, Wis., resigned.
 Griggs, Leverett S., Middlebury, Conn., died.
 Harrison, F. B., Springfield, Mass., to Brantford, Ont.
 Heal, F. G., Pittston, Pa., resigned.
 Morrison, Geo. W., St. Paul, Minn., resigned.
 Paxton, Rev., Earlville, Ia., resigned.
 Pierce, William, Danvers, Ill., resigned.
 Rae, R. L., Waldo, Mass., resigned.
 Strayer, Paul Moore, Norwalk, Conn., to Rochester, N. Y.

Thompson, H. W., De Pere, Wis., resigned.
 Waters, Geo. F., Glastonbury, Conn., resigned.
 Yale, David L., Bath, Me., resigned.

DISCIPLE.

Abberly, R. W., Columbus, O., to Minneapolis, Minn.

Abbott, P. B., Oakvale to Willowton, W. Va.
 Allen, J. M., D. D., resigned.
 Allen, J. W., Chicago to Spokane, Wash.
 Alsop, J. T., Martinsville to Watkins, Mo.
 Austin, DeForest, Belvidere to Shubert, Neb.
 Branic, F. M., Canton, Mo., to Astoria, Ill.
 Bridwell, John T., Trimble to McArthur, O.
 Brown, Augustus, Brockport, Ill., to Conyersville, Tenn.

Burch, Rev., West Liberty, Ia., resigned.
 Carl, G. H., Milton Center, O., to Forest Hill, Mich.

Cook, Gary, Lorain, O., resigned.
 Cook, Herbert, Olpe, Kan., to Walnut, Kan.
 Coleman, Chas., Prescott, Ark., to Ridgeland, Miss.

Davis J. O., Hollister to Santa Cruz, Cal.
 Davis, J. P., Excelsior Springs to Golden City, Mo.
 Easter, B. M., Kansas City, Mo., died.
 Ennefer, W. L., Sweetwater to Loami, Ill.
 Ewing, M. O., Williamsville to Buffalo, N. Y.
 Fannon, F. O., Sedalia, Mo., resigned because of ill health.

Fisher, S. E., Gibson City to Champaign, Ill.
 Forrest, W. M., Calcutta, India, to Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Freer, C. A., Columbus, O., resigned.
 Golightly, T. J., Santa Paula, Cal., to Lexington, Ky.

Grimes, Fred, Crawfordsville, Ind., to Omaha, Neb.

Growden, A. M., Findlay, O., to Scranton, Pa.
 Gulledge, A., St. Louis to Iberia, Mo.

Haddock, J. L., Dock, O. T., to Baton Rouge, La.
 Hampton, W. H., Bonner Springs, Kan., to Flushing, O.

Harris, E. T., Berthoud to Longmont, Col.

Henderson, J. H., Leesville, La., to Pleasant Plains, Ill.

Hougham, Chas. D., Nevada, Ia., to Zearling, Ia.

Johnson, W. S., Allerton to Des Moines, Ia.

Kerns, John W., Allegheny, resigned.

Lamar, J. S., Turnerville to Winder, Ga.

McCoy, L. H., Brooks to Bridgewater, Ia.

Macy, F. D., Spencer to Corydon, Ia.

Moore, S. B., Moberly to St. Louis, Mo.

Morton, J. H., Monticello to Somerset, Ky.

Orahood, I. N., Covington, Ind., to Woodland, Ill.

Riggs, Barton Z., Ballston, Ore., to Walla Walla, Wash.

Tannar, C. J., Minneapolis, Minn., to Detroit, Mich.

Waggoner, J. G., Princeton to Eureka, Ill.

METHODIST.

Albertson, Chas. C., D. D., Philadelphia, resigned.

Boyd, A. C., Keosauqua to Knobnoster, Mo.

Brink, V. H., Sheldon, Ill., resigned.

Ford, J. B., Wabash, Ind., resigned.

Gray, Albert Lee, Sulphur Springs, Ark., died.

Holladay, E. C., Breckenridge, Minn., resigned.

Hughes, Edwin H., Malden, Mass., to Depauw University, Ind.

Kenyon, James B., Syracuse to Brooklyn, N. Y.

Leefe, F. D., Rochester to Syracuse, N. Y.

Mason, A. A., Viola, Ia., died.

Thompson, H. W., De Pere, Mich., to State of Washington.

Townsend, C. C., Syracuse, N. Y., resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Alkman, Joseph G., Topeka to Pleasanton, Kas.

Allen, Heman H., D. D., Washington, D. C., to Ishpeming, Mich.

Anderson, C. O., Muff to Belknap, Pa.

Armstrong, J. H., Sterling, Kan., resigned.

Austin, C. B., Wheeling, W. Va., resigned.

Ayres, G. F., Poplar Bluffs, Mo., resigned.

Barackman, R. L., Marshall, Minn., resigned.

Bible F. W., Onondaga, N. Y., resigned.

Bowman, Edwin M., Pittsburg to Hollidaysburg, Pa.

Brown, E. J., Clinton Heights, resigned.

Buttinghousen, R. J., Elmont, N. Y., resigned.

Campbell, D., Hinchley, Minn., resigned.

Carson, W. F., Snow Shoos, Pa., resigned.

Christie, J. C., Rockville to Indianapolis, Ind.

Cooper, John, Bellaire, O., resigned.

Craig, Kenneth M., Sayre, Pa., resigned.

Duncan, D. B., Ashland, O., resigned.

Dunham, Warren, Greenwood, Ind., resigned.

Dunlap, Geo., Utica to Waterman, Ill.

Edgar, A. C., Princeton, Kan., resigned.

Edgecombe, S. H., Fenton, Ia., to Weston, O.

England, E. B., Washington, N. J., resigned.

Everitt, Frank B., New York City, resigned.

Fraser, A. D., Mitchell, S. D., resigned.

Fraser, F. L., Luverne, Minn., to Los Gatos, Cal.

Gay, T. Boyd, Creston, O., resigned.

Goff, Herman A., Asheville, N. C., to Maryville, Tenn.

Gray, T. J., Inverness, O., resigned.

Guille, B. F., Watseka, Ill., resigned.

Hackett, G. S., Apple Creek, O., resigned.

Hathaway, H. W., Elizabeth, N. J., resigned.

Hayes, R. E. L., Mellette, S. D., resigned.

Heilert, Frederick, Morganville, Kan., to St. Louis, Mo.

Hepler, David E., Lamont, Pa., to Ansonville, Pa.

Herald, C. L., Findlay, O., resigned.

Herriott, C. C., Santa Cruz, Cal., resigned.

Hertel, A. F., Carlinville, Ill., resigned.

Higgins, A. M., Bold Mount, Pa., to Stillwater, N. J.

Hinds, H. C., Albany to New York, N. Y.

Horton, Francis A., Philadelphia, Pa., died.

Hughes, David, Los Angeles, Cal., resigned.

Jones J. Rosser, Dayton to Greenville, O.

Johnson, Davis, D. D., San Diego, Cal., died.

Kalb, C. E., Chatham, Ill., resigned.

Knowlton, A. W., Brecksville to Mantua Sta., O.

Kreger, W. S., Chandlersville to Carrollton, O.

Levegood, J. C., Langhorne to Philadelphia Pa.

MacLaren, R. F., San Jose, Cal., resigned.

McClure, Marcus P., Milwaukee, Wis., resigned.

McCombs, H. W., Clarkson, O., resigned.

Marshall, A. B., Des Moines, Ia., resigned.

Martyn, A. G., Denison, Ia., resigned.

Matthews, R. J. L., D. D., Columbus Junction, Ia., resigned.

Millett, Joseph, Bloomington, N. Y., resigned.

Morris, J. H., Conway Spr'gs to White City, Kan.

Mudge, Charles O., Montpelier, Idaho, resigned.

Myers, J. W., Perryville to Canal Fulton O.

Naylor, Paul B., Dana, Ia., resigned.
 Newell, H. A., Bethany, Los Angeles, Cal., resigned.
 Nicholson, Alfred, Pittsburg, Pa., resigned.
 Norton, R. B., Wausau, Wis., to Las Animas, Col.
 Nyce, J. M., Blissfield, Mich., resigned.
 Price, W. E., Lebanon, Ind., resigned.
 Porter, R. E., Columbiana, O., to East McKeesport, Pa.
 Porter, G. C., Chicago to Waltham, Ill.
 Porter, R. K., Minneapolis, Minn., resigned.
 Requa, Arthur, Noroton to Springfield, Conn.
 Rice, Edwin J., Clayton, Ill., to Poplar Bluffs, Mo.
 Rohrabough, D. H., Youngstown, N. Y., resigned.
 Rondthaler, J. A., Chicago, Ill., resigned.
 Shaver, Rev. Harris, Ia., to St. Louis, Mo.
 Snyder, Gerrit, Taylorsville, Ill., resigned.
 Stelzel, Charles M., St. Louis, Mo., resigned.
 Stevenson, J. T., Atco, N. J., resigned.
 Stuart, B. L., Raymore, Mo., installed pastor of Presbyterian church.
 Tait, W. W., Peoria, Ill., resigned.
 Taylor, A. E., D., Columbus, died.
 Tinkham, P. A., Princeton, Ia., resigned.
 Turnbull, Thomas, Pomeroy, O., resigned.
 Walker, E. D., St. Louis, Mo., died.
 Walker, William, Campbellsburg, Ky., to Harrisville, Mich.
 Weir, W. F., Cambridge, O., resigned.
 Weisley, A. J., Tyrone, Pa., resigned.
 White, T. F., Summit, N. J., resigned.
 Wilson, R. J., to Vancouver, B. C.
 Young, W. J., retired from Kalamazoo, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Barr, R. N., Garrettsville, N. Y., resigned, U. P.
 Beade, J. C., Imogene, Ia., resigned, Ref.
 Beecher, Otto, Buffalo, N. Y., resigned, Ger. Evan.
 Carlson, Gus, Burlington, Ia., resigned, Swed. Bap.
 Chambers, Alex., Granite Falls, Minn., died.
 Cope, F. J., Salem, O., resigned, Friends.
 Dabney, C. B., Mound, Ill., to Rushville, Ill.
 Echols, Rev., Ottumwa, Ia., resigned.
 Edmondson, J. B., Malone, Ia., to Knoxville, Ia.
 Heidberg, Rev., Dysart, La., to Sigourney, Ia., Ger. Evan.
 Henderson, Robert H., Wellsburg, W. Va., died.
 Herring, Chas., Rosina, Mich., resigned.
 Houx, James Henry, Marshall, Mo., died, C. P.
 Huddle, W. D., Stoutsville, O., resigned to rest.
 Eyan.
 Littell, David S., D. D., North Negley, resigned.
 U. P.
 Luecke, Martin, Springfield, Ill., to Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Lynch, R. B., Dublin to Kutztown, Pa.
 McMill, David, D. D., Xenia, O., died, U. P.
 McPhie, Duncan, Avalon, Pa., resigned, U. P.
 Means, Frederick H., Windham, Conn., resigned.
 Ross, F. O., Adamsville, O., to Washington, Ia.
 U. P.
 Smith, L. F., Hampton to Radcliffe, Ia.
 Souders, D. A., Irwin, Pa., resigned, Ref.
 Uren, John, Walla Walla, Wash., died.
 Wyrick, Rev., East Germantown, Ind., resigned.

Information for Investors.

A western preacher invested largely in a gold mine, par value \$1.00 a share. He thought it was worth at least 40 cents a share, and wrote me about it. I wrote two letters. Answer to one informed me that the company was capitalized at \$20,000,000 (it would take one of the best mines in the United States to pay dividends on that) and the other answer said the stock could be had for 8 cents or less.

I will be pleased to furnish information, when I can get it, of anything you are considering for investment. I have access to careful brokers here and in the east.

F. M. BARTON,
 706 Caxton Building.

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DO YOU KNOW FROM 50 TO 100 PREACHERS?

If you do it costs those who subscribe for Current Anecdotes nothing extra to vote for you to go to Palestine at our expense. See pages 566-7.

Mr. S. K. Life, Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Cleveland, O., will assist pastors in managing the singing in camp-meetings, tent or open air work. He is reliable. You may write him direct.